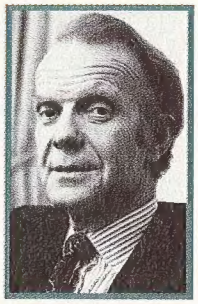

MYTH MAKERS 44: DONALD TOSH – SCRIPT EDITOR
Reeltime Pictures
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In 50 minutes, with humility, Sixties script editor Donald Tosh rewrites Season Three in such broad strokes that this video may yet stir interest in *Doctor Who*'s most eclectic, but neglected, period. Tosh emerges as the series' keenest historian, rewriting every line of previous title holder John Lucarotti's *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* script, regarding the original so factually inaccurate as to be irresponsible. He toes no official line, stressing his opinion that an accident in studio triggered William Hartnell's increasingly erratic performances – an incident that, through occurring on BBC premises, might suggest why we've heard less of this reading than others. A fascinating interview with a pioneer possessing far too much integrity to ever have stayed in television.

Kandalinga was not inhabited by the infectiously giggly G'honna R'hiya, or situated within the widespread constellation of Hrrpeeze.

Thankfully, Chapter Three's approach realigns itself competently, with sights firmly refocused on relaying an adventure set on the ocean planet of Coralee. Any of the Doctor's companions ever promised a holiday might as well forget the swimsuit – and despite a comical, beach-bound appetiser, *Storm Harvest* is no different. The Doctor, nosing into local archaeology and a mysterious ocean wreck, befriends liquor-loving Edwin Bryce and becomes a bogus Senior Investigator for InterOceanic, whilst Ace, hooked up with the statutory youth element, does some investigation of her own.

Predictability attracts – it's what Part Ones were built on. Both an impending hurricane and an imminent infestation by the treacherous, razor-clawed Krill are dealt with directly and undivertedly. Even the complexities of Ace, and the several lorries in which she carts her emotional baggage, have been stalled. No fictional characters could withstand the intervention and revisionism that the Seventh Doctor and Ace have endured in the past; freed from functioning as the playthings of authors' personal agendas, they emerge as the freshest partnership in the BBC Books range. Perry and Tucker must feel fortunate to have had them virtually to themselves.

Wantonly clichéd, *Storm Harvest* is a veritable monster-fest. They lurk in service tunnels, breathe like they've got a throatful of socks and smell like mechanics' overalls. The cannibalistic Cythosi – more militaristic, although no less ugly, than the Krill – deliver lines worth waiting several books for. And whilst a villain encountered by the Eighth Doctor attempts to become more memorable by complaining of bad parenting, merely an appreciation of the paintings of Turner adds, to Cythosi Commander Bisoncawl, a depth and poignancy that only *Doctor Who*'s unique oddness can.

These specialists in McCoy's era produce a four-parter stylistically similar to *Illegal Alien*, poaching particular plotlines, themes and characters from almost half of his televised tales. Reading *Storm Harvest* is to read a combination of all of them, its remixing a textbook example of a form of *Doctor Who* fiction often labelled the weakest, and its readers criticised for enjoying. But it reminds me of a show loved greatly and of an era too short. Revisiting the period in the guise of a pastiche, or a nostalgic exercise, is not a crime.

A post-*Survival* tale preceding *Matrix*, *Storm Harvest* brings levity to the Season

The Seventh Doctor and Ace have emerged as the freshest characters in the BBC books range

Twenty-Seven the authors have been constructing. The holiday world recalls the constant sunshine of *Delta and the Bannermen*; the theatrical Bryce, the Cythosi Commander and General, and the inhabitants of Coralee's bars and brothels all recall the exaggerated creations of *Paradise Towers*. With its excesses curbed, Season Twenty-Four's energy is present, too, in the Doctor. Save one extraordinary example of healing hands, this is a more flawed version, his omnipotence replaced with knavishness, his universal calculation with serendipity.

Homages to B-movies are, as usual, paid – and, as pre-empted by Mark Morris' *Deep Blue* three months ago, the authors ensure the reader's temples constantly drum out the theme from *Jaws*. After the more eclectic *Matrix*, these dependable authors display equal daring in returning to *Doctor Who* with the style to which it had become accustomed.

Stormin'! DWM

TALKING BOOKS Mike Tucker

***Storm Harvest*'s co-author on his widescreen Seventh Doctor . . .**

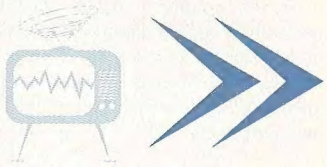
What was your inspiration for the Krill [right]?
A couple of reviews of *Illegal Alien* and *Matrix* had said that they wished we would stop using old monsters and villains, so we decided to come up with something of our own. We've always been keen on doing a sea monster tale and after the angst and dark tone of *Matrix*, thought it'd be fun to do an *Aliens*-type story – all ferocious monsters and gunfire. Dark Horse Comics' *Aliens vs. Predator* series was a bit of an influence.

Considering your background, when penning special effects, are you inevitably figuring out a ways of achieving them?
At the time of writing, no, but once the book is written I do tend to think, 'I wonder how I could achieve that.' [Range consultant] Steve Cole said that reading *Illegal Alien* was like watching *Doctor Who* but in widescreen, and I think we do aim to be familiar enough for our readers to 'see' the original programme but expand on what was possible. With *Storm Harvest* it was nice to be able to design and build the Krill for the cover – I tend to have very clear ideas of what things should look like.

Meet the gang...

The idea seemed neat and simple enough at the time. We'd get a group of fans, all open-minded and jolly, and invite them to watch all of *Doctor Who*, in the proper order, from beginning to end, with no deviation tolerated. Eight episodes in one sitting was settled upon as the absolute limit we could ask even the most willing of volunteers to enjoy – or endure.

The brief? To keep their eyes peeled and their hearing keen, and to point out any moments of beauty, brilliance, bravery or banality that take their fancy. They were not asked to *review* the episodes as such, just to re-experience them in their proper chronological setting and make fresh observations about the development of the series . . . and not to be *too* facetious in the process. You'll get to know our Time Team quite well as the months pass, but here's a short introduction to the gang . . .



Richard Bignell lives in Rainham in Kent (just a few miles from where he was born, ten hours before the final episode of *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve* was broadcast). Currently unemployed, Richard loves all aspects of stage and screen and last year appeared as Baron Broke in *Cinderella*, which he also directed, co-wrote and co-produced.

Clayton Hickman was born in 1977, midway between Parts One and Two of *The Face of Evil*. He lives in Bristol, works for an insurance firm, and edits the fanzine *Mayfield* (". . . crosses the thin line between black humour and bad taste" said DWM). His biggest claim to fame is appearing on the first *Really Wild Show*, where he got to look at some poisonous tree frogs with Terry Nutkins.

Jac Rayner lives in South London, but remains an Essex girl at heart. She was born three days before the end of *The Time Monster*, but her first memory of *Doctor Who* is *City of Death* Part Three, which gave her nightmares for weeks. She divides her time between helping to manage the BBC's Eighth Doctor books range and writing things, mainly about Bernice Summerfield.

Peter Ware was born part-way through the summer 1968 repeat of *The Evil of the Daleks*. He got married on 23 November 1991 (which he claims was "a complete coincidence and the first Saturday available"), and now lives in Twickenham with Jo and their baby boy, Harry (another coincidence?). He is a dentist.

So now, once a month, three of this team are obliged to trek across the country to the lounge of the fourth – each taking a turn to host – and there, joined by a frantically scribbling editor, watch 200 minutes of *Doctor Who*.

This is their story . . .

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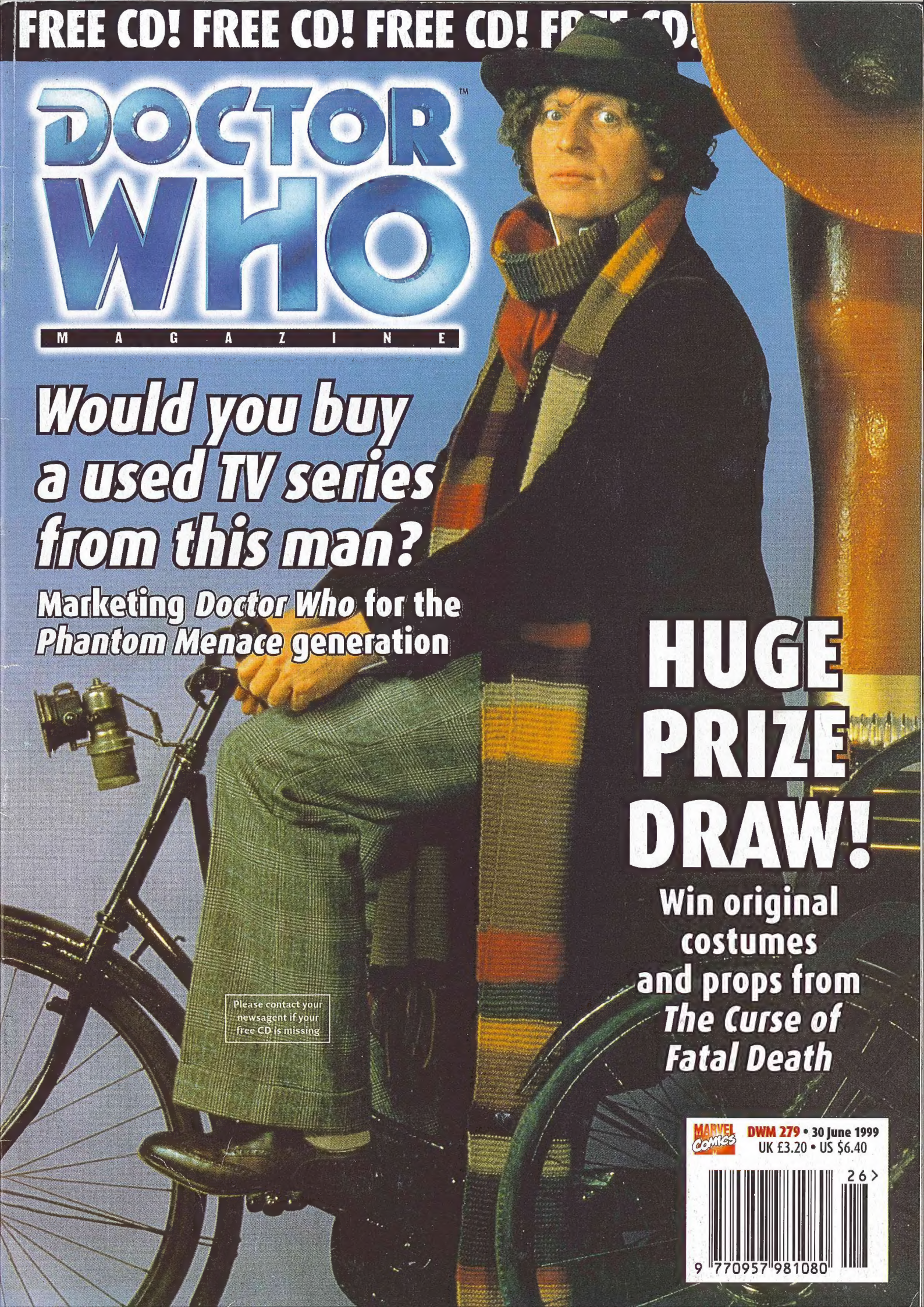

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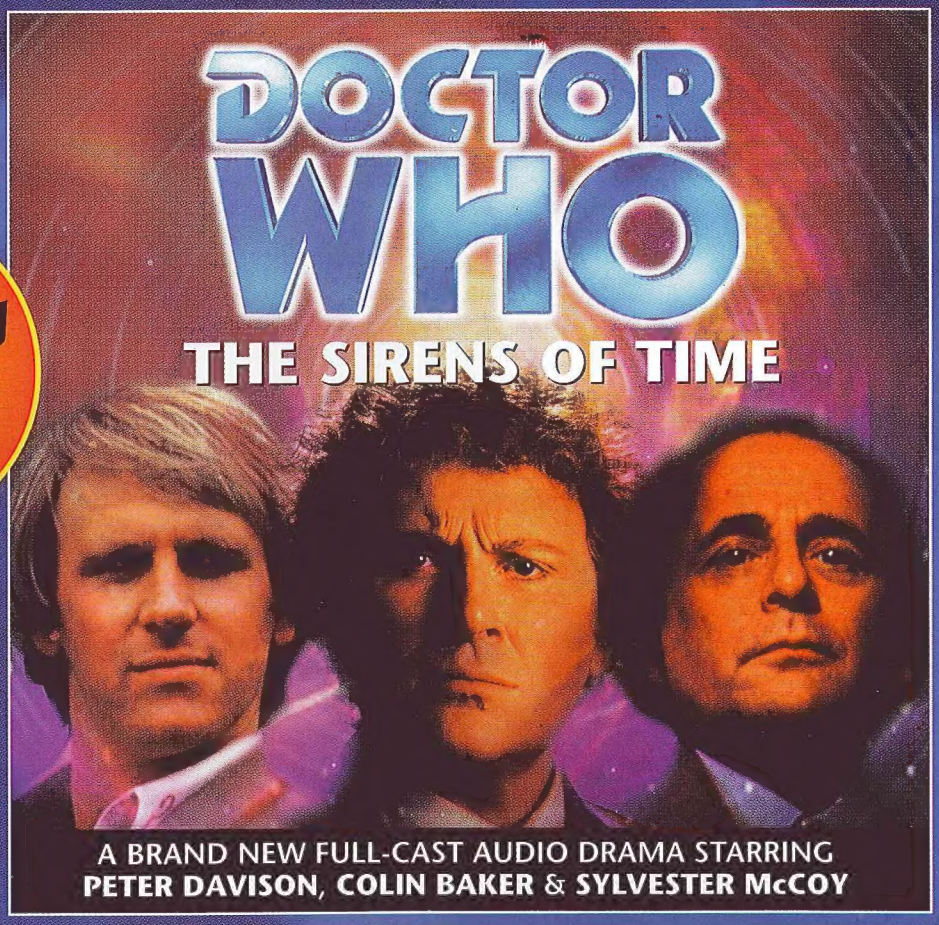

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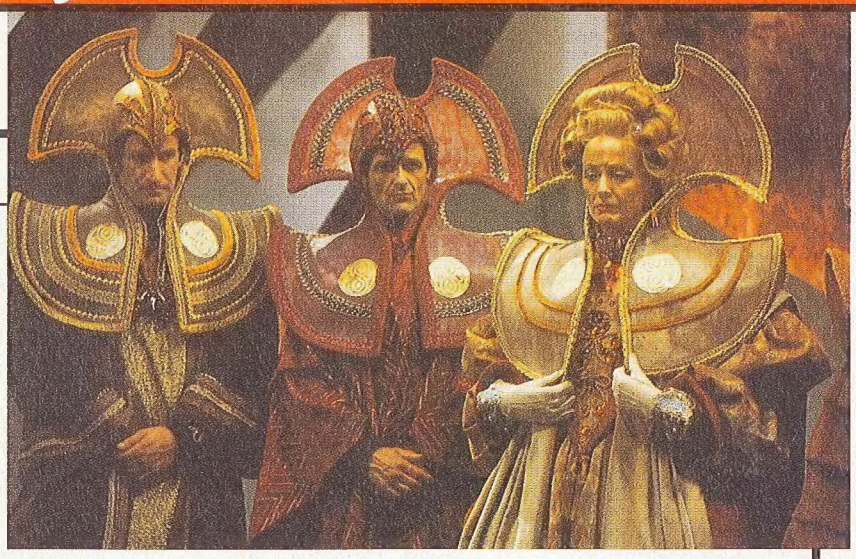
DWM 279

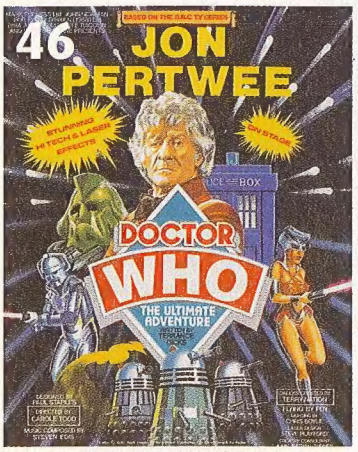
'Gallifrey? The Time Lords? I'd just cut it. Excess baggage!'

FEATURES



8 COVER STORY
The next regeneration

Is there a place for *Doctor Who* in Nineties pop culture? Who'd be watching? Who'd star? And what sacred cows would need to be slaughtered? **DWM** asks a panel of fans turned TV professionals: where do we go from here?



24 Comic Relief prize draw

Fancy wearing the Master's cape to Sainsbury's? Nailing an original TARDIS panel to your front door? Or simply getting inside Julia Sawalha's skirt? Every single reader has an equal chance to win exclusive items from *The Curse of Fatal Death* – and help raise a stack of cash for Comic Relief into the bargain!

26 John Wiles tribute

An appreciation of the bold and brilliant Sixties tales produced by the late John Wiles – plus the reminiscences of John's story editor, Donald Tosh

46 Stage frights

Prompt! The *Thrilling Adventures in Time and Space* series takes to the boards – and raises the curtain on some of the strangest *Doctor Who* stories of all time . . .

REGULARS

4 **Gallifrey Guardian**
6 **Timelines**
14 **Out of the TARDIS** Daphne Ashbrook
16 **Comic strip** *The Road to Hell* Part Two
23 **The DWM Crossword**
30 **Shelf Life**
33 **The Time Team**
35 **The Life & Times of Jackie Jenkins**
36 **The DWM Archive** *The Caves of Androzani*
45 **Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About** *Bloodheat*

Gallifrey Guardian

First day cover for Dalek stamp

To commemorate a Dalek's appearance on one of the forthcoming Royal Mail Millennium stamps, The Stamp Centre in London will be releasing a BBC-licensed first day cover featuring a special TARDIS postmark [pictured]. With a number of copies signed by Tom Baker, the covers are available from the credit card hotline on 0800 975 4571. You can also meet Tom at a special signing at the store from 12.00pm on Tuesday 8th June. The Stamp Centre can be found at 79, The Strand, London.

Th-th-that's all, folks!

The latest wholly nonsensical piece of tittle-tattle concerning new *Doctor Who*, as reported in a national tabloid late in April, claims that "BBC bosses have approved plans for a £2.5 million animated film version" of the show. Quoting the now-traditionally anonymous "Beeb insider", the report maintained that: "Top names from the original TV series – like Tom Baker and Louise Jameson – have already been approached to provide voices for the cartoon characters." Sadly, **DWM** has no reason to believe that this latest tale is more than a flight of journalistic fancy . . .

Summer signings

Upcoming events include: Carole Ann Ford and Lisa Bowerman signing photographs plus copies of Big Finish Bernice audio *Just War* on Saturday 5 June at 10th Planet, 36 Vicarage Field, Ripple Road, Barking, Essex (call 0181 591 5357 for more information); Maureen O'Brien signing her new novel on Saturday 13 June at Kulture Shock, Norwich (01603 625557); and Deborah Watling, Nicola Bryant and Anneke Wills at Down to Earth 4, a one-day convention on Sunday 22 August at the Ruislip Golf Centre, Ickenham Road, Ruislip, Middlesex (details with SAE to 11 Cornfield Close, Uxbridge, Middx UB8 2BU, or call 0780 840 4264). As ever, **Doctor Who Magazine** accepts no responsibility for cancellations, inaccuracies, ticket shortages and the like . . .

EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW! Gatiss, Richards and Blum pen audio dramas

Big Finish unveils Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Doctor plays

Following on from *The Sirens of Time*, as exclusively previewed on this issue's cover CD, details have emerged of Big Finish's next three *Doctor Who* audio dramas – featuring the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Doctors respectively.

September's release is *Phantasmagoria*, written by experienced *Doctor Who* novels author and *League of Gentlemen* performer Mark Gatiss. Directed by Nicholas Briggs, it's a Season Twenty-one period thriller which sees the Doctor (Peter Davison) and companion Turlough (Mark Strickson) land in seventeenth century London – where someone is terrorising the higher echelons of society using apparently paranormal means. What is the secret of the screaming walls? Why are the patrons of the Diablo Club disappearing after losing at cards to the charming Sir Nikolas Valentine? And what is the connection with the charming highwayman Lovemore?

November's *The Sound of Fear* is written by equally prolific Virgin/BBC Books author Justin Richards. Directed by Big Finish co-producer Gary Russell, it sees the Doctor (Colin Baker) and Peri (Nicola Bryant) accused of murder at the far future Museum of Aural Antiquities, where the personal recordings of the late actor-turned-politician Visteen Krane have been stored. A pair of mercenaries break into the Museum after hours, intending to alter Krane's recordings. But why? When the killings begin, the local police find two very obvious suspects who cannot account for their presence in the Museum – and the Doctor and Peri must not only prove their innocence, but uncover the real murderer and his highly unusual *modus operandi* . . .

January 2000 sees release of *The Fearmonger*, scripted by Jonathan Blum – whose novel *Seeing I*, written in partnership with Kate Orman, won the *Shelf Life* award for **DWM** readers' favourite book of 1998. Here, the Doctor (Sylvester McCoy) and Ace (Sophie Aldred) are on the trail of a monster that not only knows their every move but appears to be able to anticipate their actions, too. The head of the far-right New Brittannia party survives an assassination attempt, but the Doctor suspects there is far more to the affair than the failed slaying of a politician. As he and Ace fight their way through the prejudices which blind everyone touched by a very particular monster, they face the prospect of the entire world being plunged into a bitter war of mistrust and mutual loathing . . .

Further cast details for all the above were unconfirmed at press time.

Archive skits added to Comic Relief VHS

The Curse of Fatal Death on video this autumn!

Popular Comic Relief comedy adventure *Doctor Who and the Curse of the Fatal Death* has been confirmed for BBC Video release in September.

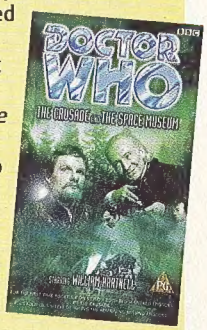
Running to at least one hour, the VHS will contain all four episodes of the Rowan Atkinson-headlining extravaganza, a specially-shot 30-minute 'behind the scenes' documentary, plus a number of archive *Doctor Who* sketches from the likes of Lenny Henry, Victoria Wood and (hopefully) a previously untransmitted *French and Saunders* skit recorded on *The Trial of a Time Lord*'s courtroom set back in 1986. A large percentage of the RRP will go to the charitable causes supported by Comic Relief.

So as not to risk compromising sales of *Fatal Death*, September's intended release, Seventh Doctor four-parter *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*, will now make its video debut in January 2000.

Meanwhile, BBC Worldwide's publishing schedule for next year will contain a third short story anthology provisionally titled *Further Short Trips*. Jointly edited by Stephen Cole and Jacqueline Rayner, the new volume will contain pieces by favourite authors plus a number of newcomers. The Eighth Doctor novels arc beginning with August's two-part *Interference* carries over into *Kursaal* author Peter Anghelides' November-issued *Frontier Worlds* (the same name as Anghelides' highly-regarded early Eighties fanzine!) and January's *Parallel 59*, co-authored by first-timer Natalie Dallaire and range consultant Cole. The sequence concludes in February with Paul Cornell's first Eighth Doctor adventure, now titled *The Shadows of Avalon*.

Win a lion!

Next Monday, 7 June, sees the much-anticipated release of the video boxed set containing *The Crusade* and *The Space Museum* – and, thanks to BBC Video, we've got five to give away in this issue's competition!



To win the box – containing a tape, CD, postcards and a TARDIS keyring – all you have to do is name the actor who links *The Space Museum*, *The Time Warrior* and (cue gratuitous *Phantom Menace* reference) *Star Wars: The Empire Strikes Back* . . .

Scribble your answer on the back of a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked HELP ME, HOLY SEPULCHRE, HELP ME and send it to the editorial address on page six by 30 June. You can draw Lobos' eyebrows on it too, if you like.

Outside the Spaceship

What Doctor Who's movers and shakers are up to . . . Compiled by Dominic May

Television Production recently commenced on a series of BBC1's *The Mrs Bradley Mysteries* with **Peter Davison** joining the cast as Inspector Christmas. His appearance as headmaster Neil Bruce in BBC1's *Hope and Glory* will be aired in June. Channel 4 will air a *'Withnail and I Night'* in July in which **Paul McGann** and recent Comic Relief Doctor Richard E Grant both contribute interviews to documentary *Withnail and Us*. Sir Bernard's *Stately Holmes*, which features Nicholas Courtney, commenced on BBC2 on 12 May. Prize winners at the BAFTA Television Awards bash on 9 May included Best Soap *EastEnders* (**Matthew Robinson**), Best Design *Our Mutual Friend* (**Malcolm Thornton**) and Best Make-up/Hair *Our Mutual Friend* (**Lisa Westcott**). *Doctor Who* fan David Pound took home a full size Dalek after appearing on BBC1's *Whatever You Want* on 24 April – having heard about the planned item in **DWM**. The press later reported that his live-in girlfriend Sue Pilling objected to sharing a bedroom with it. She said, "I was unhappy with this thing looking over me. I was getting very cheesed off that I was the second person David said good morning to every day."

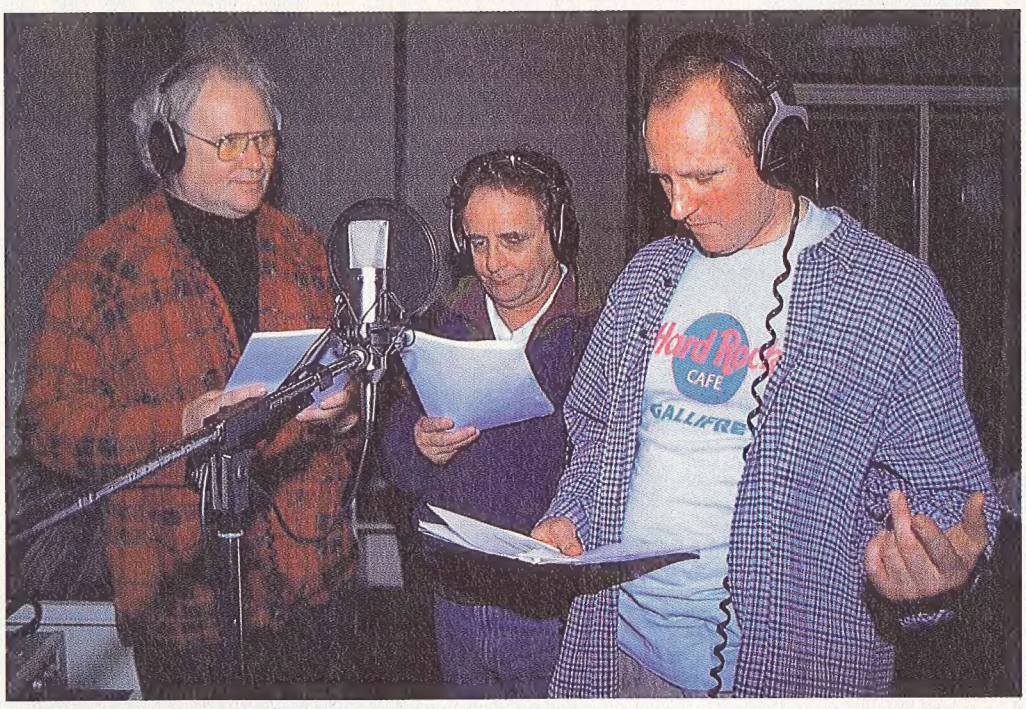
Film **Tom Baker** recently auditioned for the role of Gandalf in Peter Jackson's forthcoming *The Lord of the Rings* film trilogy. *Planet of Evil* make-up designer **Jenny Shircore** won an Oscar on 21 March and a BAFTA on 11 April for her work on *Elizabeth*.

And finally Surviving episodes from *The Reign of Terror* will be screened at the NFT2 on 14 July, Bastille Day. Permission is being sought to show the links recorded by **Carole Ann Ford** from the so far unreleased video.

New releases

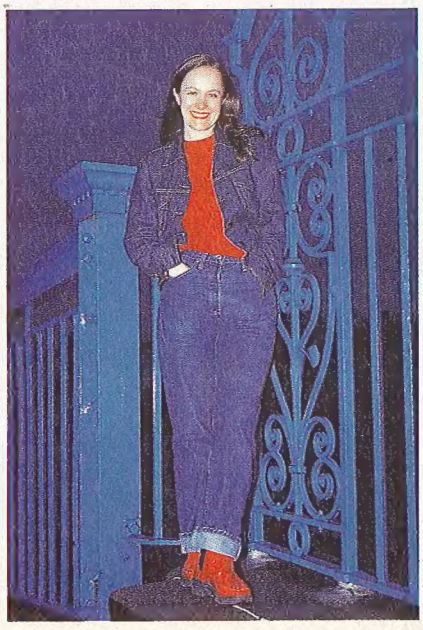
Shown here are the covers of David McIntee's BBC Books novel *Autumn Mist*, schedules for a 5 July release, and the BBC Radio Collection's *The Massacre*, due on the streets 2 August. The full *Collectors' Heaven* service will return to DWM next month

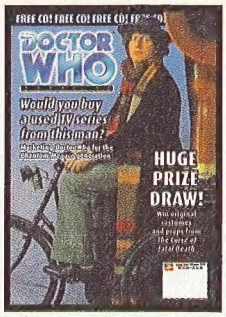
On your free CD!



This month's free CD charts the production of the first of the new Big Finish *Doctor Who* audio dramas, *The Sirens of Time*. Nicholas Pegg talks to the cast and crew – including Doctors Peter Davison, Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy – and finds out just how such a play is put together. As a bonus, there's also clips from a variety of *Doctor Who* audio dramas of years gone by, with notable performances from Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker.

Left: Hard work and horseplay from the three stars. *Bottom left:* John Wadmore, Mark Gatiss and Sarah Mowat form the guest cast of episode two. *Below:* Sarah plays a mysterious character whose actions have grave consequence for the Doctor and his home planet, Gallifrey. *Photos by John Moore*





Don't panic, the editorial's here on page six now – I imagine you were concerned that our re-design had denied you the opportunity to 'enjoy' my monthly pearls of right-thinking wisdom. No such luck. Sorry.

This shift is just the smallest part of a significant rethink and revamp of **DWM**. Some of the changes are subtle, some more significant, but what they have in common is that they are all driven by comments and responses from readers.

Timelines, for example, has a new regular home at the front of the magazine. In the last couple of years, this letters page has been something of a moveable feast – often chopped down or dropped to allow room for over-running features. No more. This new positioning signposts the importance we place on readers' views and free debate among fans. Further, as well as offering the

All the changes to DWM this month are driven by comments from readers

usual batch of letters, we'll also be rounding off a host of shorter comments from many more correspondents, allowing a broader range of contributions to the ongoing discussions, making *Timelines* compulsive reading. So keep those letters coming!

Shelf Life is also expanding its remit to report on a wider variety of merchandise – so now you'll be able to get the gen on everything from Peter Davison postcards to Paul McGann pants . . . should any be released.

There'll be a number of new features arriving over the coming months, and two make their debut this month. *The Time Team* challenges four fans to watch the entirety of *Doctor Who*, in order, from the start; their mandate is to make new connections and fresh observations – showing that even the most familiar material can throw up countless surprises. *Everything You Ever Needed to Know* is a new column about the novels – a sort of *New and Missing Adventures* continuity guide, if you will – developed in response to the enthusiasm for coverage of the books shown in our recent readers' survey. There'll also be more interviews with novelists and audio play scriptwriters later in the year.

We hope you enjoy the new-style **DWM**. Let us know what we're getting right or wrong!

Gary

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Thanks to Vanessa Bishop, Jeremy Bentham, Richard Bignell, David Brunt, Paul Cornell, Sue Cowley, Russell T Davies, Mark Gatiss, Chris Gregory, Kevin Gregory, David J Howe, Steven Moffat, John Ostrander, Jac Rayner, Adrian Rigelsford, Steve Roberts, Gary Russell, Jan Vincent-Rudzki, Ed Salt, Kevin Taylor, Peter Vialls, Peter Ware, Stephen James Walker, BBC Books, BBC Video and Big Finish

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Subscriptions: MRM, 01858 410510. ISSN 0957-9818

Timelines

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OUTRAGE!

Reader Mark Worgan's complaint in **DWM** 277's *Timelines* concerning a *Gallifrey Guardian* news story which had mentioned that robot dog K9 would be making an appearance in the controversial *Queer As Folk*, thus inviting children's interest in the programme's pretty grown-up subject matter, drew a huge response . . .

So Mark Worgan was disturbed to find **DWM** "advertising" K9's appearance in Channel 4's gay drama serial *Queer As Folk*? Whilst I wholeheartedly agree that the content was unsuitable for any younger audience, I would have thought that the title of the programme and the late timeslot was enough of a warning about the show's content for anyone with a reasonable level of intelligence.

It is a fact that the majority of **DWM**'s readers are adults and as such the magazine is written to an adult level. It is a long time since the days of the weekly comic, and the publication has grown along with its fan base – including people like myself who've been here since Day One. It is also a fact that many sci-fi fans are also gay, including myself, and we pay the cover price of **DWM** too, so we're equally entitled to read items of interest to us.

Sorry, Mr Worgan, but it is your job as a parent to decide what your children have access to, and not really the responsibility of this magazine. After all, it is an essentially adult magazine and homosexuality is part of adult life and has more relevance in today's society than the outdated morals and ethics of some archaic religious system . . .

However, as a practising homosexual, I don't have a problem with straight people, except when they're allowed to breed and expose their progeny to this kind of nasty indoctrination. Grow up, Mr Worgan, and welcome to 1999.

Gavin Robinson
Brixton, London

Full marks must go to Channel 4 for *Queer as Folk*, which has created a healthy reflection on gay life for Joe Public to see, whilst also killing some other misconceptions – in particular those that surround a *Doctor Who* fan. In this instance – normal fun-loving, good-looking, well-dressed guy, happens to be gay and a *Who* fan and *does have a life!* Well done everybody. Besides, *Doctor Who* is as camp a television series as they come anyway . . .

Peter Wilcock
via e-mail

Other readers in firm agreement included: **Daniel O MacGowan** of Bangor ("Mark Worgan's letter really, *really* upset me"); **Matthew Bennett** of Newport, Gwent ("I may well find the content of Bonnie Langford's latest musical to be utterly repellent, but I still expect to read about in **DWM**"); and **Mark Dando** of Bath suggested that, "with a little imagination, [Mark] could have recorded the episode in question and allowed his children to watch 'edited highlights', as indeed a friend of mine has done." One reader, however, was just as concerned by *another* recent production . . .

With regard to the letter last issue by the person who objects to **DWM** mentioning K9's appearance in *Queer as Folk*, I have only this to say:

As the parent of young children, I was really appalled to find your magazine recently running articles promoting *Doctor Who and the Curse of Fatal Death*. This so-called 'comedy' involves explicit sexual and scatalogical humour, including the suggestion that the Doctor would sleep with his companion and/or the Master, and suggestive innuendo about the sonic screwdriver. Now, many of my best friends enjoy sexual and scatalogical humour, but I really don't want my children exposed to that sort of thing. In the future, I hope that you will avoid all mention of *The Curse of Fatal Death*, in case any children reading your magazine should immediately want to rush out and obtain a videotape of this programme without their parents' knowledge . . .

I could go on, but I think I've made my point.

Fiona Moore
via e-mail

SURPRISED SURPRISE

Stephen James Walker's essay *Surprised? You should be . . .* [**DWM** 277], purposefully or otherwise, displayed a one-eyedness that bordered on arrogance. I can only imagine that viewing *Doctor Who* in its original context was something special for those UK viewers who did so, but Stephen's tone implied that any other format denied the rest of us the series' magic. He's simply wrong. As a little boy growing up in North Queensland in the early Eighties, dinner-time week-nights were a wonderful event – a new episode (to me) was always about to start, and the agonising wait of 23-and-a-half hours was over. My memories may not be the same Saturday teatime memories

shared by an entire generation [of British viewers], but that doesn't make them any less valid. But then Stephen's article was frighteningly biased and negatively geared towards 'the video generation' – something he dismisses altogether too flippantly.

Comments such as Stephen's surely miss the point – that, regardless of era, style or production values, something which is of genuine quality will stand up no matter how it is viewed, or read, or listened to. Is the cliffhanger to *The Caves of Androzani* Part Three any less thrilling today than it was 15 years ago because I've seen it a hundred times and can find out what happens next within mere moments? No. Is it any different with *An Unearthly Child*, *Inferno* Episode 6 or even *The Curse of Fatal Death*? No. These stories were designed to go out once or twice a week (or four times in three hours!), but they were complete narratives prior to production. The magic is there to begin with; and if it is there to begin with, it is there to stay, timeslot and viewing habits notwithstanding. In order to appreciate it fully, you really had to be there. I *was*, Stephen – just not where *you* were. And I still am.

Greg Dunn
via e-mail

[In *Surprised? You should be . . .*] Stephen doesn't make any distinction between 'fans' and 'viewers'. He presumes all new viewers of *Doctor Who* will automatically have access to background production details, which seems a little naive . . . The reality is that channels like UK Gold allow newcomers to come to the series at any point in its run, and settle down for the duration. Doubtless many kids today will grow up to have their own fond memories of Sunday morning omnibuses, of not realising that Tom came before Peter, of persuading parents to tape the black and white repeats in the early hours – different experiences, but not necessarily any worse than ours.

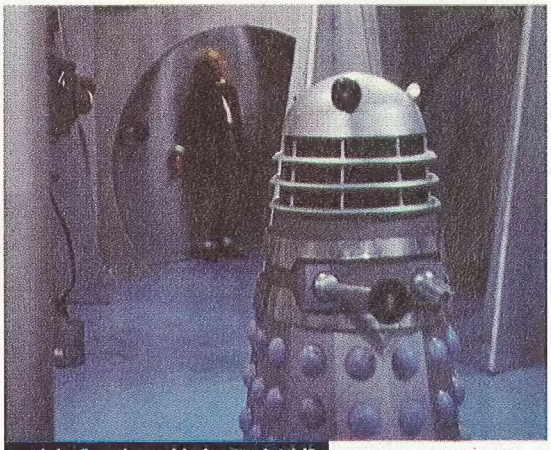
And, if that shows up that, say, Terry Nation's plotting was not so brilliant, then so what? Most of us realised that long ago, anyway. What's more, unlike us Eighties children they'll never have to sit through *Roland Rat: the Series* or *Wogan*. Lucky little blighters.

Mark Clapham
via e-mail

Ian Wheeler of Harrogate took issue with Stephen's assertion that 'omnibus' repeats on UK Gold are "a travesty of the original programmes", claiming instead that "TV movie versions of *Doctor Who* stories can, with sensitive editing, work very well and hold the interest of a Nineties public weaned on *Inspector Morse* and *A Touch of Frost*." And, although **Dominic Burgess** of Manchester found himself agreeing with Stephen's "excellent" feature, he thought that "one important concept" was missed – regeneration: "I cannot imagine the sheer shock and excitement that must have been caused when the Doctor suddenly changed into a different person . . . I doubt whether anyone has ever captured the true power of the first 'change' – except for maybe a certain magazine that sprang a nasty trick on its readers not so long ago . . ."

AN END TO THE *BEGINNING!*

Here we go again. Once more the BBC are preparing to rip off the loyal *Doctor Who* fans for every penny they can grab. The farcical decision to re-release the first two stories from Season One and cobble them together with the previously unreleased *Inside the Spaceship* has got me jumping up and down with rage. If the BBC wish to re-release the first two *Doctor Who* stories why do they not do so separately? I'm an extremely enthusiastic fan of the whole Hartnell era but I do not much relish the prospect of having to pay around £35 to buy *Inside the Spaceship*, because even a great Hartnell addict does not really need to own two identical copies of these great stories.



Daleks fans boxed in by Beeb Vid?

Steven J Whaley
Tattershall, Lincoln

Likewise, **Martin Pickles** of Knowles, Bristol described the planned box set *The Beginning* as "a kick in the teeth for people like myself who have consistently supported the range", whereas **Mike Wildish** of Andover, Hants wants BBC Video to "hand over [the tapes'] production to a firm that knows how to market *Doctor Who*". The single contrary view came from **Ben Brown** of Huddersfield, who thinks the set will be "a good way for the back catalogue to be seen on our shelves", and would like to see more: "What about a Peladon set, or a linked Time Ring series?"

JAMIE? OH MY WORD . . .

I couldn't believe what I was reading in the letters page in **DWM** 277. What the hell is Jamie Townes complaining about? He seems to want *Doctor Who* that isn't *Doctor Who*! As for the assumption that no new readers will want features on 'old' *Who*, what is he basing it on?

I am a relatively new reader and fan. I came to the show with the TV Movie in 1996 – although I'm 22, I was always too scared to watch as a child, beyond the odd half-remembered Sylvester McCoy episode, and I had already read a great chunk of the *New Adventures* novels before I even saw an episode of the series. Personally, any feature on any era is of interest to me. I introduced my 11 year-old cousin to the show recently, and she loves Sylvester. It's true that old *Who* is always new to someone . . .

Mr Townes should remember that *Doctor Who* is not, and has never been, *Star Trek*. It's a complete entity, not a handful of unrelated shows. As such, all eras and peripheral projects are relevant. As for a feature on the technology of the TARDIS – does anyone know, or really want to know, how it works? I'd rather keep the mystery, and the magic.

Suzanne Macey
Waterlooville, Hants

Whatever you do please *don't* follow the advice of Jamie Townes! The day I open **DWM** to find a full schematic drawing of a Dalek Kill-Cruiser is the day I cancel my subscription.

And base the comic strip on *Blade Runner*!? Who on earth wants the comic strip to become as cynical, dull and depressing as that film?

Matthew Bartley
via e-mail

Elsewhere in our postbag, **Ed Jolley** thought Jamie's claim that features on past *Who* will only be of interest to "people who were there at the time" highly unlikely: "When I was younger, finding out about what went on in the years before I became a fan was much more interesting than reading about more recent, familiar stuff."

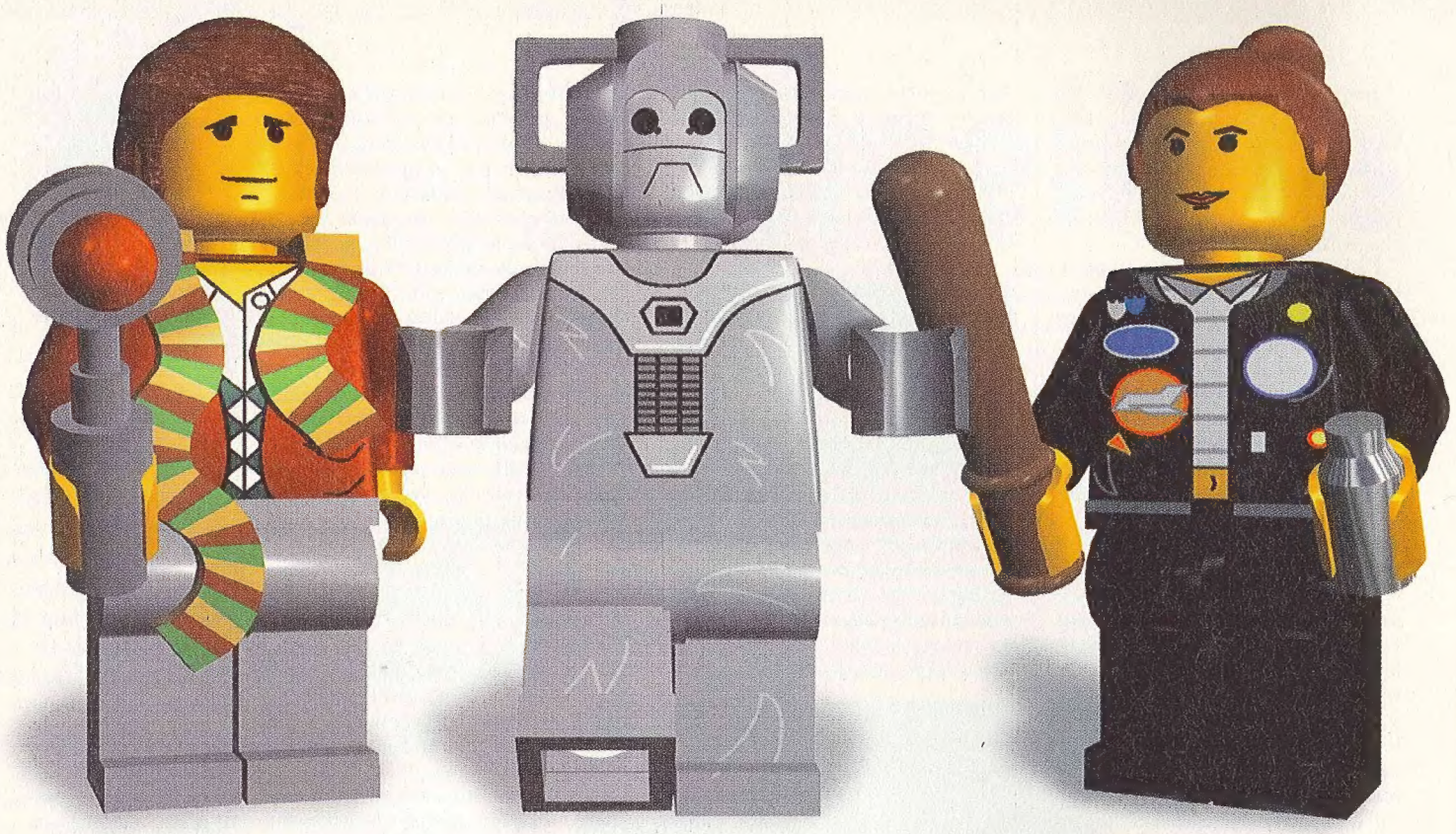
Meanwhile, reader **Gordon Foulds** of Houghton, Tyne and Wear, says: "By all means introduce newer stuff for those who want it, but don't throw out the baby with the bathwater. The excellent research into the show's dim past are what compel readers like myself to pick up the magazine each month. 'The Boys' loved the *Fury From the Deep Archive* so much, they asked me to draw their picture in appreciation of all Andrew Pixley's hard work [*below*] . . .

"Don't give up the important historical stuff, or the Boys will come round. And all that foam and seaweed really messes up the carpet!" DWM

Graham Foulds' response to the *Fury From the Deep* Archive

OUR SITCOM HELL

Back in **DWM** 277, reader **Anthony K McCail** devised a number of punsome *Doctor Who*/sitcom crossover titles, and we challenged you lot to come up with more. And did you come up with more, like: *Panna 'bout the House* and *Love Thy Nyder* [**Matthew Bennett**, Newport, Gwent]; *On the Morbiuses* and *Drop the Dead Duggan* [**Rich Black**, Bath, Avon]; *Voords of a Feather*, *Mrs Myrka and Malkon* and *The Two Ranis* [**Matt Wilkinson**, Ipswich, Suffolk]; *Waiting For Goth* and *Please, Stor!* [**Paul Dawson**, Wealdstone, Middx]; *The Fall and Rise of Reginald Parrinium*, *Kraals On Top* and *The Flast Show* [**John Coney**, Hartsholme, Lincoln]; *Rab C Nestene* [**David Workman**, Bishopston, Bristol]; plus *Are You Being Vervoid?* and *Varga Ted* [**Ed Jolley**, via e-mail]. **Michael Stevens** of Warley, W Midlands went so far as to send in two full scripts, but neither were up/down to the standard of his two other suggestions: "*Come Back Mrs Noah*, in which Mollie Sugden beams into Nerva Beacon in search of her errant husband? Or what about *Solon*, in which Felicity Kendal fends off loneliness with the aid of a severed head and a fishtank?"



We're gonna be bigger than

Everywhere you look this month – in the papers, on the evening news, in your local toy shop or in McDonalds – it's *Star Wars* this or *Phantom Menace* that. The new film is driving the media into a frenzy – persuading merchandisers to invest billions in branded lunch boxes and plastic figures and driving followers of Darths Vader, Maul and all into an almost evangelical fannish fervour. It's George Lucas' second coming, and – mixed with a unhealthy dose of pre-millennial panic – it's driving millions mad with excitement . . . and others simply mad.

Twenty years ago, the success of the first three *Star Wars* films led to the launch of a host of similar films and series for both the big and small screens. We can justifiably expect the same effect in the years ahead, as television companies scrabble to develop new fantasy and science fiction projects, riding the momentum generated by *The Phantom Menace*.

Of course, we know that the BBC doesn't need to look very far for its own popular space adventure series for all the family. It has *Doctor Who* on the shelf – and a host of experienced TV writers, script editors and producers hungry to work on it.

What's that, you say? People working in TV who want to make *Doctor Who*? Surely some mistake?

No mistake. And more importantly, if you've followed the *Doctor Who* novels from Virgin and BBC over the last decade, then you'll know their names and know their work already.

Here at **DWM**, we got to thinking that one day – maybe quite soon – one of these individuals would likely be involved in a relaunch of *Doctor Who*. So, not a magazine to miss the boat, we brought together a group of self-confessed *Doctor Who* fans who are now doing rather well for themselves – Paul Cornell, Russell T Davies, Mark Gatiss, Steven Moffat, Lance Parkin and Gareth Roberts – to ask them how they would pitch a new series of *Doctor Who*, and how they would capture the hearts and minds of the new *Star Wars* audience . . .

DWM: Is there a place for *Doctor Who* on TV in the next decade?

Gareth "I think so. After *Families At War* and replacing *Big Break*."

Paul "I think there's always going to be a place for a science fiction family adventure series, especially with *Star Wars* starting up again. But nobody would want to do *Doctor Who* with all the baggage intact. What puts TV producers off about science fiction is all the gobbledegook – the technobabble and any continuity that isn't contained in one line that's also a joke or a plot point. The people who made shows like *Bugs* didn't want the SF label anywhere near them, because to TV people that signifies incomprehensible dialogue and expense.

"If you sold *Doctor Who* once more as 'Someone like Tom Baker says fun things, is interesting to watch, and has chemistry with his companion in panto pastiches of recognisable movies' – which is basically the ratings-winning formula of [Seventies producer] Graham Williams – then you just might be able to get it back on telly."

Mark "Despite the encouraging upsurge in new drama, particularly on ITV, and an obvious increase in the number of genre shows inspired by the success of *The X Files*, there is always room for a show as innovative and special as *Doctor Who*."

Lance "It's almost perverse of the BBC that it hasn't come back, to be honest. They are always on the lookout for 'popular' drama serials. Excluding the soaps, can you think of a current BBC drama that's lasted more than two years? There's *Casualty* and . . . er . . . that's it! ITV have almost too many popular dramas to mention. It's an area the BBC have tried to address recently with things like *Holby City* and *Harbour Lights*, but they still don't have many dramas that can pull in nine or ten million viewers and will run for ten years.

"The other perennial BBC problem is what to do with Saturday night. They don't want to make rubbish gameshows, but can't work out what to do instead. So, they need a popular drama serial, the sort of thing nine million people will watch on a Saturday. The TV Movie and *The Curse of Fatal Death* both scored nine-and-a-half million viewers. The return of *Doctor Who* does feel rather like the inevitable punchline of a very long joke at times, but I don't think it's a conspiracy or evidence of massive anti-*Who* sentiment at the BBC – just the side-effect of a certain brand of logic.

"I firmly believe that, in a few years' time, a group of BBC execs will be sitting round a table and one of them will say, 'Someone wants to bring back *Doctor Who*, isn't that a stupid idea?' And the others will turn round and say, 'No, actually we all started out writing the *New Adventures*!'"

Russell "Look at the viewing figures for the TV Movie – they knock rubbish like *Harbour Lights* and *Sunburn* into the proverbial cocked hat. I think one

The Phantom Menace is on its way – and science fantasy is the new rock and roll. What place is there for Doctor Who in this brave new world? Gary Gillatt talks to the experts . . . Graphic by Chris and Kevin Gregory

Star Wars!

of the biggest problems is that old favourite – money. A new version of *Doctor Who* would cost a fair bit – just to stand up to current TV standards – and for the first time, the series' own format defeats it. The 'different-location-every-four-weeks' is one of the things that kept it alive for so many years, but now, an accountant would look at that and reply, 'Oh my God! No standing sets! Completely new locations all the time! *Very* expensive!'"

Okay, but securing a nine million audience for a one-night-stand special – be it a movie or a comedy sketch – is one thing, but can the show still cut it as a regular weekly serial?

Steven "Well we have to ask the fundamental question, 'What *is Doctor Who*?' What demand does it supply? What audience does it serve? Now, a few of you might not like what I'm going to say next. Grip the arms of your chair, grind your teeth and wrap your head round this . . . *Doctor Who* is a children's programme. No ifs. No buts. Definitely!

"I'll go further. I think it's the single best children's show ever made – the funniest, the cleverest, the sweetest, the scariest – and all in all just too much fun to ever grow out of. When I first walked onto the Comic Relief set and saw that Police Box I felt a tremendous impulse to hug it, and I don't think that was the adult part of my brain at work!

"By declaring it a children's show I don't mean that it was childish or immature or unsophisticated – though it was all these things when it felt like it – I just mean that the Doctor, like Tintin, Scooby Doo, Luke Skywalker, Zorro or ET, is unmistakeably a children's hero. For decades, many fans have become so insecure about being fixated on a kids' series that they have decided to believe it was serious adult drama, and then proceeded to slag off whole eras of the series for being not being serious, adult and dramatic enough!"

You can see the same response among the fans of *Star Wars* who've seen previews of *The Phantom Menace* – all accusing George Lucas of producing a film aimed at 13 year-old children, as if the first trilogy wasn't!

Steven "That's right! But there should be no more of this nonsense from *Doctor Who* fans. It's a children's show that adults like you and me still happen to love.

"But 'Ah!' I hear some sobbing imploringly, 'a large percentage of the *Who* audience were adults!' Well therein lies *Doctor Who*'s special place in television. It was the handover show. It bridges the gap between the kids shows of the afternoon and the adult shows to come. Its perfectly judged balance of 'safe' horror for kids (the monsters) and great jokes for adults (the monsters) allows the schedule to run seamlessly from afternoon to evening.

"And so, finally, the answer to your original question is this . . . If the BBC are looking for a corking adventure serial for kids and dads, then they should look no further. No show has ever done it better than this one or ever will."

So who should make and broadcast this new series of *Doctor Who*?

Paul "A quality independent production company like Red, Cinema Verity or Richmond Films. Then they could sell it to whoever wanted it, probably Channel 4."

Russell "The BBC, with additional funds from maybe Australia or whoever would be interested in buying in. I think any independent company would find themselves in a minefield of copyright problems, and wrestling with merchandise contracts and ownership of ideas, so you'd spend more time with lawyers than producing the show. Having said that, I only work for a very small independent, and that additional workload would swamp us, but bigger independents have huge legal departments ready to handle that side of things, so maybe that would work."

Gareth "The means of production don't matter especially. As ever, it's a question of whether the producer and script editor understand the project they're working on. A lot of people in telly are very straight.

"*Doctor Who* is so strange as science fiction that you'd need people familiar with modern popular culture to do it, or else you get bodge-jobs like *Ultraviolet* or *The Last Train*, which were so timid because there's someone somewhere in the production who's unfamiliar with, and terrified of, their aunt being alienated. Audiences can and will and *do* take the leap – look at the box-office takings of fantasy adventure movies."

Steven "It would have to be shown by the BBC. The truth is, if someone cracks the right way to resurrect this show, I very much doubt the BBC will allow anyone else to broadcast it."

In what format would you imagine *Doctor Who* would be screened on its return? Is there a still a place for the 25-minute serial? What episode length or scheduling do you think it needs?

Paul "A season of one-off 50-minute stories is virtually the only way it could be sold now. I think there's a place for it at Sunday teatime, where the children's serials are, because that's the only place left for programmes aimed at older children."

Lance "This is the big question, and to be honest, I think it's one of the reasons it's never come back – ask any two fans what their 'fantasy *Doctor Who*' is, and you're almost certain to start an argu-

Our panel

PAUL CORNELL's first TV play, *Kingdom Come*, was broadcast on BBC2 in 1990. After writing some of the most popular *New Adventures* novels, he returned to writing for television. He penned six episodes of the CITV drama *Children's Ward* between 1996 and 1999, and developed his own kids' serial, *Wavelength*, for Yorkshire TV. In 1996, he wrote for *Coronation Street* and worked on storylines for the bizarre soap *Springhill*. He is currently writing an instalment of upcoming anthology drama *Love in the 21st Century*. In other media, he has worked as script editor and sketch writer on assorted radio series and has recently signed a deal with Gollancz to write two mainstream SF novels. He is also writing *The Shadows of Avalon*, a BBC *Doctor Who* novel to be published in February 2000.

RUSSELL T DAVIES' television career began with a single day as a presenter on *Play School* in 1987. He then made a hasty move behind the scenes to work on *Why Don't You . . ?* before graduating to produce a wide variety of children's television shows. Russell wrote the popular children's adventure serials *Dark Season* (1991) and *Century Falls* (1993) plus episodes of the high camp soap *Revelations*. His 1996 *Children's Ward* instalment won a BAFTA for Best Children's Drama. 1996-7 saw him writing ITV period piece *The Grand*. His alternative lifestyle comedy-drama *Queer as Folk* was shown to great acclaim on Channel 4 earlier this year. He wrote the *New Adventure Damaged Goods* for Virgin in 1995, and is currently working on a two-hour *Queer as Folk* special for transmission in February 2000.

MARK GATISS is one-third of the performers and one-quarter of the writing team behind *The League of Gentlemen*. Their stage show won the Perrier Award at the Edinburgh Festival in 1997, and the TV version (which followed an equally successful Radio 4 variant) has won a Golden Rose at the Montreux Festival. He has also written a number of plays, most memorably *The Teen People*, an affectionate send-up of Seventies children's sci-fi television shows. Mark has written a biography of movie director James Whale, plus the *New Adventures Nightshade* and *St Anthony's Fire*. He has just completed *Phantasmagoria*, a script for Big Finish's new *Doctor Who* audio range, and *Last of the Gadarene*, a *Doctor Who* novel for the BBC. While working on scripts for a second series of *The League of Gentlemen*, he is also developing a number of feature ideas for BBC Films.

Between 1989 and 1993, **STEVEN MOFFAT** wrote all 43 episodes of the challenging children's drama *Press Gang*, for which he won a BAFTA and a Royal Television Society award among a host of other prizes. His sitcom, *Joking Apart* (1992-95) won a Bronze Rose at the Montreux Televion Festival. His other TV work includes the sitcom *Chalk* plus episodes of *Murder Most Horrid*. Steven wrote the *Doctor Who* comedy episode *The Curse of Fatal Death* for Comic Relief 1999. His short story, *Continuity Errors*, was published in *Decalog 3*. He is currently working on a feature film, drama series for both the BBC and ITV, and a new sitcom, *Coupling*, to be broadcast later in the year.

LANCE PARKIN's *Doctor Who* novels – *Just War*, *Cold Fusion*, *The Dying Days* and *The Infinity Doctors* – have been justly lauded, and his guide to the series' dating and continuity, *The History of the Universe*, was equally popular. He is now part of the storylining team for ITV soap *Emmerdale*, alongside fellow *Doctor Who* novelist Robert Perry and former *Missing Adventures* editor Simon Winstone. Their boss is Rebecca Levene – also a former Virgin luminary.

GARETH ROBERTS wrote the five most popular *Missing Adventures* for Virgin, along with two well-received *New Adventures*. His TV credits include storylining *Springhill* and *Coronation Street*, the latter through a period of immense popular acclaim. After a stint as script editor on *Emmerdale*, he has now begun writing episodes for the Yorkshire TV soap.

ment. If someone said 'Bring back *Bergerac*!' or even 'Bring back *Blake's 7*!' you'd instantly have a pretty good idea what they meant. With *Doctor Who* it's different – it could be ten-minute animations before *Newsround* or 15-rated TV movies with a huge budget. Would the show be targeted at the *X Files* audience or the *Reboot* one?

"Saturday evenings are a lot less forgiving than they were in the Seventies when *Doctor Who* used to face pretty weak opposition. At the same time, the TV Movie scored very highly against *Bramwell*, which is exactly the sort of show the BBC usually loses out to.

"If we've got faith in the show, then we've got to assume it can take on whatever ITV throws at it. The Saturday post-Lottery slot seems like a natural place these days, where *Crime Traveller* and *Jonathan Creek* went. That would seem to dictate 50-minute filmed episodes aimed at the 'older family'.

Our panel all agree that continuity-led serials must become a thing of the past

Russell "Well, it would have to be on film. Next-to-no drama is made on videotape now – that's just the way things are evolving. There's always exceptions to that, like *Cops*, but *Cops* is specifically pursuing a gritty realism. *Doctor Who* would need a bit of gloss – that demands film. It's also a bit of a myth that film is a thousand times more expensive than single-camera videotape productions. With clever budgeting, film and tape costs aren't that far apart – so there's no excuse for *Casualty* looking as bad as it does!

"*Doctor Who*'s old multi-camera tape format is just the preserve of soaps and sitcoms now. If you tried that with *Doctor Who*, it would look *terrible*, and wouldn't last longer than a season.

"So then, if it's on film, that dictates a whole chain of logical conclusions and a whole new range of problems. Firstly, it will have to come in 50-minute episodes. I can't think of a filmed half-hour series. Is there one? Of course, this has nothing to do with *Doctor Who*, it's just the way TV drama is going, but *Doctor Who* would have to fit in with current formats.

"It's now that the money argument comes back in. If it was, say, a series of 13 50-minute episodes, that means 13 batches of new sets! Nightmare!

"Maybe the solution is to go back to those first Pertwee years, with the Doctor trapped on Earth. This is certainly not my favourite formula, but it's more easily achieved using real locations. That's not the way I'd like it, but it certainly makes it achievable. Already, you've compromised your principles! Very difficult problem, this."

I'd chuck out all continuity – it's dull. I don't care where the Doctor came from or why he travels the universe!

Steven Moffat

But surely *Doctor Who* has thrived in such a format before? Can't the problems presented by narrowing your setting be seen as challenges to be overcome creatively?

Russell "Maybe you're right. Maybe Earthbound stories aren't a compromise, maybe they're vital. I hate Earthbound in terms of all that cosy UNIT stuff, which would just look childish now. But then, thinking about it, if there was a new series, and if I was one of the writers, then I'd keep my own adventure on Earth. I've just got a gut feeling about this, but I think that if the moment the opening titles are over, you go into a Scene One that's set on a purple planet with three moons, and some man in a cloak is making a villainous death threat . . . then the audience would just switch off in their millions. That's just an instinct, but I think you should set all that high flown end-of-the-world stuff in a very real world of pubs and mortgages and people.

"And as for scheduling, following the logic above, I don't think you'd put a 50-minute film series on during Saturday teatime. That slot has

been consigned to history, now. It would be weekday evenings at 8.00."

Assuming, if we may, the 50-minute episode format, would these be self-contained little adventures, or would there be an on-going linked storyline?

Mark "Self-contained adventures, I would say, but people respond to broader story arcs so there's no harm in that. You'd have to keep the connections light and simple – more like the E-Space stories and less like *The Trial of a Time Lord*."

Paul "You could arc a storyline through it, but there would have to be closure every week. No more cliffhangers!"

Russell "I'd go for the *Babylon 5* solution. Not that I've ever watched it, but if I hear the words 'story arc' one more time . . . Self-contained stories, maybe – only *maybe* – trying a two-parter towards the end of a first series, and some on-going plot ticking away, which is personal, not epic."

Gareth "I'd prefer the latter format with an overarching emotional plot played low in the mix – basically the assistant fancies the Doctor . . . what are they gonna do about it?"

Steven "I don't think we should assume so easily that change is necessary. The thing about *Doctor Who* is that it was perfectly designed to be what it was. I wouldn't want to make grand changes to the format, because that format was really, really good. I'd just want to ensure that the approach was right and targetted on the right audience."

Which aspects of the 'old' series would survive in a relaunch?

Paul "The TARDIS. An odd hero in an odd costume. Possibly not the monsters, as nobody in this country does rubber suits that any producer wouldn't shrink back from. Almost certainly, unless a better deal is struck, not the Daleks. It would be as scary as it always was, which is, to anybody over the age of seven, not very."

Lance "The Police Box and the theme music – everything else would be up for grabs."

Mark "I think if the series came back it would have to be with a bang. The main problem with the TV Movie was its over-reverence. This was strange when we all worried so much about it being a mid-Atlantic mess! There's no point in trying to tell a new audience about Time Lords, Daleks, the TARDIS all in one breath because there's no need.

"Continuity is a comforting thing. We all spent our youths trying to chronologise the stories – it's a basic fan instinct. But how much more wondrous must it have been to be David Whitaker and open a script submission that began, "It is 6000 AD. The earth is underwater . . ." and not worry if it conflicted with established continuity. Throw it all up in the air, I say. Nothing is sacred. Nothing is written. Start from scratch to keep the show vivid and alive."

Gareth "The Doctor, the TARDIS Police Box and interior, the young female assistant, and the Daleks popping up every so often with lots of other new monsters. No need for any Time Lord mythos or complex continuity – who cares? A *Coronation Street* writer once told me, 'Anything that happened over six months ago is ancient history', and he was right.

"There's nothing wrong with a bit of eccentricity, and God knows there's room for a pacifist, sexless hero. It's the unique selling point. To keep younger viewers watching today, however, there'd need to be a deeper emotional context to the Doctor/assistant relationship."

Russell "I think the whole of television is becoming a bit more character-led. It would have to be more personal, more emotional – more 'real' in that sense. I really think you couldn't get away with the shallow character development the show had in the past – no more screaming girlies! It does make me laugh the way fans cling to slight, ephemeral notions of 'characterisation' – like, 'Ooh, Ace has problems with her mother, how profound!' An emotional content has got to be stronger, more interesting, more open, to grab a wider audience. In other words, it's got to be written well – which is not as easy as it sounds!

To cut costs, it's thought likely that any new *Doctor Who* would follow the early Seventies model and be set entirely on Earth. Expensive trips to exotic alien worlds would be out

What are the fundamental, core aspects of the show that *need* to survive? What are the minimum trappings needed for an audience to recognise the series as *Doctor Who*?

Paul "A humane, non-human hero who shuns the use of weapons in favour of his wits, wit, and being nice to people. As for trappings, then that's just the Police Box, as I've said. Nothing else matters at all, and to let the show breathe, the continuity would have to be ignored. And, since TV writers won't let a vacuum persist, ignoring it would, in the end, mean ditching it and overwriting it. As *Doctor Who* always did. If a professional company did this show, the word 'continuity' wouldn't be heard once at any of the meetings. When fans do this sort of thing, it's heard within five minutes."

Lance "The core of *Doctor Who*? Time travel. Whimsy. Monsters. Scepticism. Action-adventure. Self-awareness. British."

Russell "The key ingedient is death. I'm not being all bleak here, I mean death in that great, fabulous, thriller way. Literally, hiding behind the sofa stuff, brilliantly scary.

"There's such a great sense of danger ticking away underneath all the time. Death stalks *Doctor Who* in every single scene, and I love it for that. It just raises the stakes, makes you love those who survive all the more. Blimey! Does that sound very odd?

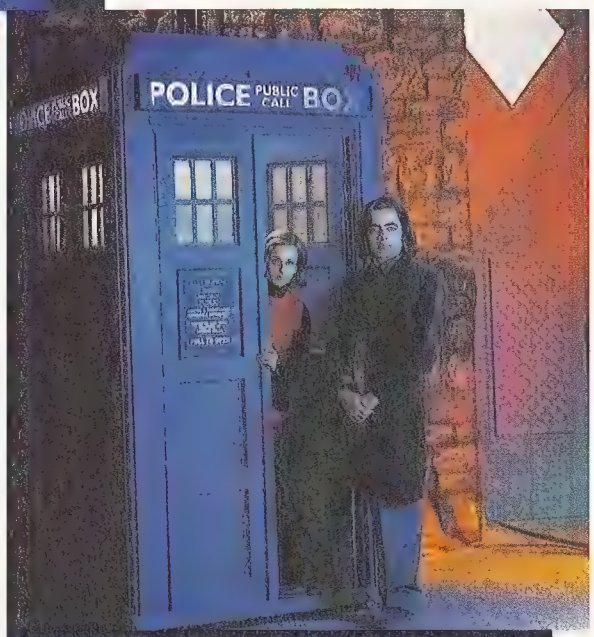
"All you need is the Doctor, the TARDIS, a companion, and ever-present danger of death. I think. To be realistic, I'd chuck away half the background – the moment the Doctor started talking about Gallifrey and Time Lords, I'd just cut it. Excess baggage. I mean, dramatically, something's going wrong with a scene if he has to start spouting back-story like that – where's the drama?"

Steven "The core elements are a Police Box, a frock coat and cliffhangers. I'd chuck out all gratuitous continuity because it's dull – and all that yawn-inducing Gallifrey rubbish with it. I don't care where the Doctor came from or why he travels around the universe – I just want him out of those TARDIS doors and having adventures. Us kids want Narnia, not the wardrobe.

"It's crucial that any new series gets the kids watching because – and I'll say it again, don't hit me – it's a children's show. Children are no respecters of reputation and are bored by tradition, so keeping faith with a past they never knew means nothing. They want, and are entitled to, their *own* hero and their *own* show. One of the many marvellous things about *Doctor Who* is that its capacity for change is inbuilt, so a new series should be

The BBC needs a popular drama, the sort of thing that nine million people will want to watch . . .

Lance Parkin



Over nine million viewers tuned in to the 1996 *Doctor Who* TV Movie and this year's Comic Relief *Doctor Who* skit

firmly targetted at the new audience and largely ignore its own past."

Who would you cast in the lead roles? Would it ever be possible for an unknown to be cast as the Doctor again, or would it have to be an established TV 'star', like Jerome Flynn or Alan Davies?

Mark "I've often heard it said that *Doctor Who* could only return as a star package. That is the nature of the business these days. This is true to some extent, but we must never forget that Tom Baker was cast because he was brilliant, not because he was already a big star. A kind of malaise gripped the casting of the programme in its latter years, so that now people glibly talk about casting Eddie Izzard or Alan Davies simply because they look right, rather than because they're actually any good. There is a genuine Doctorishness – perhaps it's a gene – which some actors have, and some don't. I would like to think that a new production team could successfully argue the case for casting David Collings, Geoffrey Bayldon, John Castle and the like, rather than a Light Entertainment 'name' which makes the fans wet themselves. Funnily enough, I think the recent Comic Relief saga proved the point very well with the unlikely Hugh Grant – playing it dead straight – producing a genuine and actually rather moving *Who* moment, whereas Rowan and Richard E Grant just weren't very good.

"So . . . cast a woman, by all means. Why not? But make sure you err on the side of Stephanie Cole rather than Joanna Lumley."

Lance "As in the movies, TV executives want to see a 'big name' in the lead role these days. Make no mistake, if David Jason expressed the slightest interest in being *Doctor Who*, it would be on air three months later."

Russell "God knows. I think in BBC terms, casting an unknown just isn't on, these days. Anyone, so long as they can act. Michael French [star of *EastEnders* and *Crime Traveller*] would be good.

"Having said that, you've got to be a bit cynical and commercial about it. If some producer said they wanted Denise Van Outen as the companion, you'd sigh, but then realise that maybe, horribly, that would work."

Steven "Although I loved Peter Davison and Paul McGann – probably the two best actors in the role – I don't think young, dashing Doctors are right at all. The Doctor should always be a bit more Picard and bit less Kirk. He should be 40-plus and weird-looking – the kind of wacky grandfather that kids know on sight to be secretly one of them. I thought Rowan was perfect, if a little on the young side, because kids have always loved him . . .

"Does it have to be a star? It's a tricky one, this. I'm currently developing a series at ITV and we're at the casting stage. David Liddiment, my boss at ITV, has said he doesn't mind if we don't cast a star in the lead, but made the very true observation that any actor with the 'right stuff' to carry a series is unlikely to be a complete unknown."

Would you be interested in working on a new series of *Doctor Who*, if one were made? If so, in what role? Would you be able to resist the call?

Paul "I'd still say 'yes' before they'd finished the sentence, even though it would very probably, as before, be a career-finishing job – the kiss of death. I'd take any role – though I'd be very worried, on the basis of reputation, about producing or script-editing it. The only person who could take it on without worrying is someone like Verity Lambert, with a vast bullet-proof reputation. That would get the business interested again."

Mark "Of course I would be unable to resist! I only play a vet in *The League of Gentlemen* in order to exactly mirror Peter Davison's career and thus get to be the Doctor next. Seriously, I would be very interested if the call came to map out a serious proposal for what new *Who* could be, either in a production capacity, as scriptwriter or actor. I'm hedging my bets there!"

Lance "I find it very difficult to see myself turning the chance down! There are far more qualified people than me to be the script editor and producer, but I'd love to write scripts for a new series."

Russell "Oh, I'd love to do it, absolutely. Although it would depend what they were doing. If the producer was a fool, and I thought the way they were doing it was wrong, then no, I'd rather die. Trouble is, I'm reaching a point in my career where I'm insisting on a lot of control over what I do, after years of working with idiots. I don't mean that to sound megalomaniac, but I like having a co-producer's role – attending casting, appointing directors and that kind of thing. That's not a power trip, it's just a way of looking after your own work. So if the BBC set up *Doctor Who* again, with lots of writers, and if I didn't know the producer, then I'd probably be just a jobbing writer on it. Which maybe I'd find difficult, now.

"Oh, just talked myself out of it, there! That's one of the problems with fan writers making their way in the industry – they *are* making their own way, they're doing fabulously, and it reaches the point where the return of *Doctor Who* could be, for them, a backward step."

Gareth "I'd like to write a story for *Doctor Who*, and if anyone asks me to do anything that will bring in money I'll do it. TV *Doctor Who*, I suspect, would also be enormous fun to write. I've been a script editor and I was good at it but it's a frustrating job. You want to knock the writer's pen away and take over."

Steven "I'd love to write a real *Who* story. If I couldn't resist doing it for no money at all how could I resist the paid version?"

Any final thoughts?

Mark "*Doctor Who* is a magical show, but there's nothing magical about its production. All it takes is care, commitment and talent. Just get a producer as fresh as Philip Hinchcliffe or John Nathan-Turner – at the beginning! – who wants to show what can be done. Add some good writers, some great casting and off you go.

"That's all turned into a bit of a manifesto, hasn't it? Oh dear. I really must care an awful lot . . ."

Lance "Television costs a great deal of money to make, and if *Doctor Who* came back it would be geared to the logic of current television production, not some fanboy wish-list. The BBC would want ten million viewers, and every single current fan could all switch off their TV in unison without it registering on the ratings. Hopefully, the BBC would bring back a show we liked, but the best fans could hope for is one that was informed by the past. Season Twenty-seven won't look anything like Season Twenty-six did. If you want *Doctor Who* to be 'like it used to be', watch your videos; if you want it to be like the *New Adventures*, read the *New Adventures*. As with the McGann and Atkinson stories, I'd expect huge swathes of fandom to reject the new series out of hand as a betrayal of everything that they stood for. It just wouldn't be *Doctor Who* otherwise!"

Steven "The way you'd know you'd got it right would be if the 11 year-olds all jumped up and down and said it was the best show ever and all the sadder *Doctor Who* fans muttered that it was no longer serious adult drama like it was when they were 11."

Russell "God help anyone in charge of bringing it back – what a responsibility!" DWM

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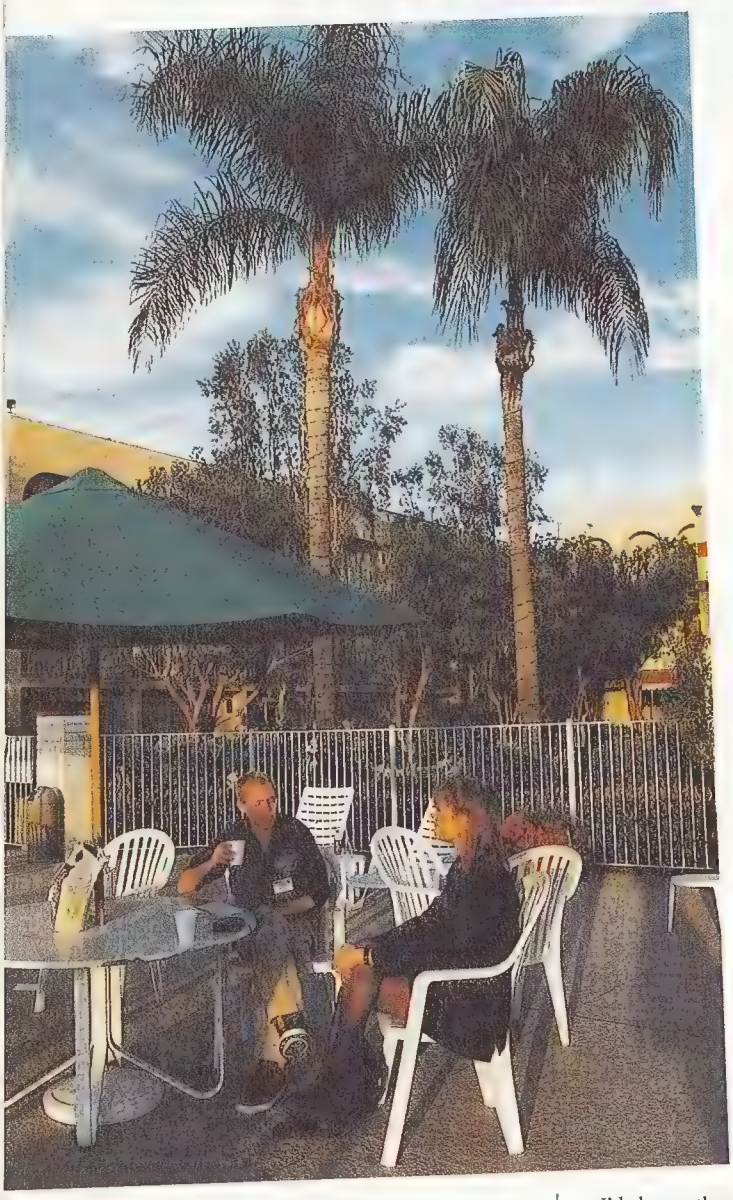
Daphne Ashbrook



She's gorgeous, she's clever and she was bullied on her way to Brownies! She's Daphne Ashbrook! After her immensely popular performance as Grace in the 1996 *Doctor Who* movie, Daphne has fought shy of the attentions of her fans. However, with the aid of some canny convention organisers, DWM descended upon the erstwhile Ms Holloway in Hollywood and, as the evening shadows lengthened over a sun-kissed Los Angeles poolside, subjected her to trial by TARDIS tin . . .

Interview by Gary Gillatt, photos by Lisa Bowerman

What was your last dream all about?

Y'know, I don't always remember my dreams, but I remember this one. I went to an acting class, and it turned out it was being run by an actor I know who used to be a casting director. Then he starts fawning over me, saying how right I was for this project, and how he was going to cast me in a film. But it was a good feeling and I woke the next morning full of energy, going: "Work is coming! Work is coming!"

Where is the worst place you've ever stayed?

Oh my gosh! My dad took us camping as children and didn't bring a tent, so we ended up sitting in the middle of a field all night being attacked by mosquitoes.

I also remember working on a job where I had to sit in a man-made hot spring – which wasn't even remotely hot – for 12 hours. I was supposed to look as if I didn't have any clothes on, so I couldn't get in and out much. It was so cold they had to stop shooting at one point because it hailed! I contracted hypothermia from that one and was very ill for a long time afterward.

Which part of your body would you most like to change?

A very California question! (*Laughs*) So much to choose from! I never really liked my legs very much so I guess I'd change those. (*Laughs more heartily*) That's all I'm saying! Move on!

What was the last book you read?

Fingerprints of the Gods was my last book, but I don't think I got more than half-way through. It's still waiting there for me. I'm very interested in our true history, and there's a lot of questions out there that scientists can't figure out. They've made up some things but I don't think they know any of the answers. That book has one particular point of view that we started out long ago with a civilisation much older than the one many think we started with. Who knows? I see myself as very much a person looking for answers . . .

Have you ever woken up not knowing where you were?

(*Filthy chuckle*) No, I've never done that. I've been confused for a moment when I've been on location and woken in an unfamiliar hotel. But I've never done it in the way this question is getting at! Not like *that*!

What's the worst play, film or TV show you've ever been involved with?

The play I hated the most was *The Pyjama Game*, which was just stupid and dumb. The book was awful and the music was stupid. I hated that one! It was brainless!

What's the most money you've ever spent on a single luxury?

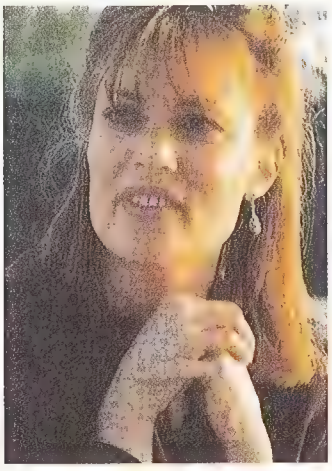
On a one-shot deal? I bought a dress for $2,000 once, for the Academy Awards. I was nudged into it by the staff. I loved it – it was in a kind of stretchy material that sucked everything in. It was impossible to walk in but looked great. Paying that much money for it made me feel sick though.

What's the most ferocious argument you've ever had, and who was it with?

Probably with my mother when I was 16, and going through that difficult time. I'm so looking forward to that with my own daughter! My mother and I always had a really rough time, it felt like we were arguing for years!

Other than family, what possession would you save first if your house was on fire?

I think it would be my CDs, because I really like my music and stuff. My CDs and my photo albums. But I wouldn't risk my life for anything like that. As long as my child and the animals were safe . . . although I guess I'd have to leave the turtle.



I've learned that possessions aren't that important. I asked myself this very question once – what would I not be able to bear losing. I realised that the CDs were the only things I'd be upset to lose. Then, whaddayaknow? – lo and behold, someone breaks into my house and takes all my CDs. So I'm going, "Wow! What kind of cosmic information is that?" Then I realised that it wasn't such a big deal after all.

Do you speak any foreign languages?

No! I can do sign language and a tiny bit of *Français* . . .

How many Number One records can you name from the last year?

Billboard Number Ones? Oh my God! Well I'm not sure that I can name many Number Ones, but I'm not out of touch. I know that Alanis Morrisette has her new album out, that's kinda happening. Then there's the Goo Goo Dolls. I like a lot of different kinds of music. Not much rap, although I finally 'get' that. I heard some recently where it was good and deep and poetic and just wonderful . . .

(Gary: What music would you reach for first after the longest and most stressful day?) Oh easy! Joni Mitchell! *(With exclamation of approval from Lisa)*

Who would be your three ideal dinner party guests?

Joni Mitchell! That would be cool! And I really like the books of Dan Millman *(US self-help guru)*, so he can come along too . . . Oh, and Yo Yo Ma the cellist. I love to listen to him, so he can play though dinner!

Were you ever bullied at school?

I was, because . . . This is going to be so embarrassing! There was a girl in elementary school who used to get picked on hideously. I mean, it was a wonder she survived it. She used to be brutalised and I once tried to step in to save her, and then I became a regular target too. The bullies were a terrible gang.

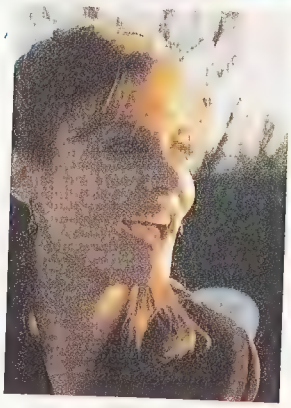
There was also a boy called Joey who used to beat me up on the way to Brownies. It was like a movie. He was this little short guy and he had this tall, skinny friend. They'd see me in my little Brownie dress and would get together – the tall one would hold my arms and the little one would punch me. I remember there was a lady across the street who was washing her camper with a hose, wearing just a robe and flip-flops, curlers in her hair. I was yelling "Help!" and this woman looked over and screamed at them until they ran away.

What is your middle name?

I used to use my middle name professionally and then I dropped it – Daphne Lee Ashbrook. People used to ask me if I was from the South – y'know *(with Deep South drawl)* "Hi thurr, Dayfnee-Leeee".

Which established TV show would you most like to have a part in?

You know, I hate to say this because I think every actress would say the same these days, but it's *Ally McBeal*. That's a character I could really get to grips with. There was an episode recently where she fell down a lot – and I fall down a lot! Like her, I make a fool out of myself *constantly*! To my tastes, I think that's about the best role on television at the moment.



What is your worst habit?

(Looks shamefaced and mimes smoking a cigarette.) I still do that damn thing. I hate it, it's awful. My daughter hates it too, it freaks her out and she gives me all kind of hell about it.

(Gary: How often do you try to stop?) I've quit several times! Once for four months and then I needed to smoke for this role in a play. I thought, "I have this under control, it'll be OK." But then I had one cigarette and I was stuck in it again. But I have cut down! I'm now only on half-a-pack a day, which is good for me! But I would *love* to be smoke-free!

In which of the seven deadly sins do you indulge most often: anger, sloth, gluttony, covetousness, envy, pride or lust?

Probably anger! *(Smiles a flat, crocodile smile)* I'm often angry!

(Gary: What sort of things make you angry?) I'll tell you right now, goddammit, 'cos I'm so angry!

My agents really piss me off! They really have no reason or excuse to be as lame as they've been. And there's nothing you can do about it except change them. And you have to do that big, huge thing many-many-many times and build up a whole new relationship over and over. It's such a pain! The agent's job isn't hard, but they're always just so lazy and unsupportive. You have to make your own opportunities in this business just to keep your brains together.

I'm writing my own script this year, and I don't know if anything's going to happen with it, but my resolution this year is to finish that and give it to someone to read. That's my big plan. You have to make your own avenues to explore, you have to make your own opportunities.

What do you think has been your most life-changing decision?

Oh, having my daughter, definitely. Nothing is the same after you have a baby – everything changes after that. And it's the best thing I ever did!

Who is the best James Bond?

I like Sean a lot. An awful lot! But I really like Pierce too, he's got all the right stuff. But I'm not a 007 person, really. Is that awful? Oh you hate me now, don't you? I can see it written all over your face!

How would you like to be remembered?

(Winces) As this non-angry, non-smoking perfect person! Oh, I don't know . . . Incredibly talented and equally modest?

No seriously, I'd like to be remembered as honest, generous . . . and . . . and . . . Oscar-winning! DWM

DWM *would like to thank the team behind Los Angeles' Gallifrey convention – especially Shaun Lyon who worked for months to tempt Daphne along to her first* Doctor Who *event – for help in organising this interview.*

THE ROAD TO HELL PART TWO

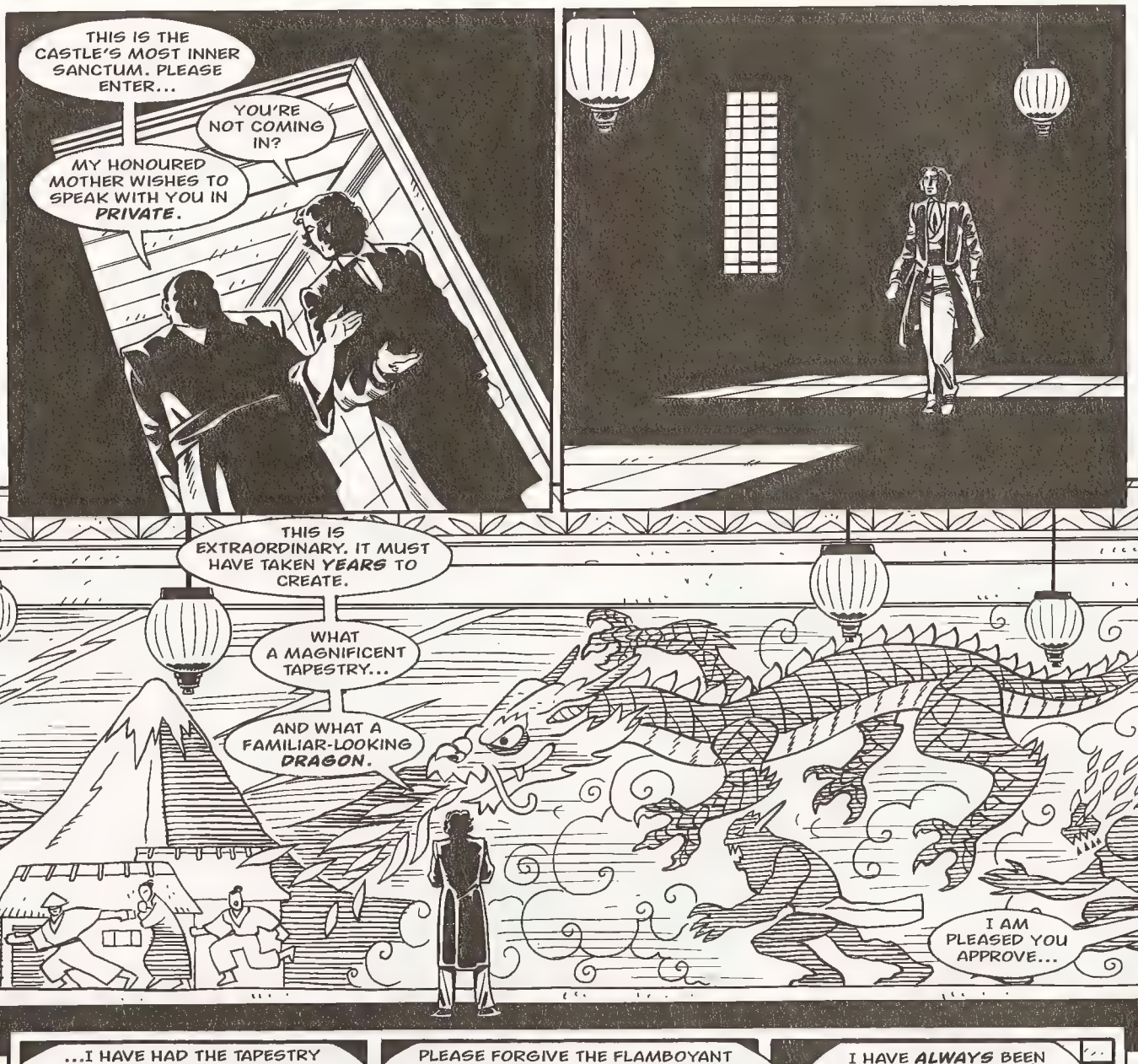
STORY: SCOTT GRAY
PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: ROBIN SMITH
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT & ALAN BARNES

SSSIZSSS
THE DRAGON... DISSOLVES?!
LIKE A SWARM OF FLIES – OR A SCHOOL OF MINNOWS...
WHAT?
THEY'RE TINY – BUT BY SWIMMING CLOSE TOGETHER, MINNOWS CAN SOMETIMES GIVE THE ILLUSION OF BEING A SINGLE LARGE SEA CREATURE...
OH, FREQUENTLY.
THAT WAS NO ILLUSION! TWO OF MY MEN LIE DEAD! YOU SPEAK NONSENSE!
GREETINGS...
...WE ARE THE HONOUR GUARD OF LORD RIKUSHIRA, HE WHO RULES THIS PROVINCE. WE CAME TO INVESTIGATE STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN THIS FOREST.
WE OFFER YOU SANCTUARY AT OUR LORD'S CASTLE.
WELL, THANK YOU...
YOUR TIMING'S VERY CONVENIENT.
WE SHOULD LEAVE AT ONCE. MY MEN WILL COLLECT THE BODIES FOR BURIAL...
WAIT A MINUTE, WE CAN'T GO YET! ONE OF OUR PARTY'S STILL OUT THERE...
ISN'T ANYONE GOING TO HELP MY FRIEND?!
HORSE, STOP! WHOA!
I KNOW YOU'RE SCARED, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO SLOW DOWN!
HORSE, COME ON, PLEASE...
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!!!

OH GOD... I'M GOING TO HAVE TO JUMP..
WHOOAAPP?!
OH... NO...
THAT POOR HORSE...
NNEEEIIGH!
THANKS... I...UM...
I'M REALLY GRATEFUL...
I THINK.
SO MANY FULLY-ARMOURED SAMURAI... IS THIS CUSTOMARY IN PEACETIME, HIROTADA..?
NO, GAIJIN... THIS IS MOST UNUSUAL...
AH, I SEE WE HAVE GUESTS!
WHAT A PALACE..!
YOUR LORD MUST BE A POWERFUL MAN TO OWN SUCH A CASTLE...
MY LORD KNOWS THE TRUE VALUE OF POWER, CAPTAIN...
IT HAS BEEN FAR TOO LONG SINCE I PLAYED HOST TO SUCH ILLUSTRIOUS VISITORS! OFFICERS OF THE SHOGUNATE, YOU HONOUR ME WITH YOUR PRESENCE.
I, LORD RIKUSHIRA, BID YOU WELCOME TO MY MODEST HOME...

HELLO? YOU CAN UNDERSTAND ME, RIGHT? THE DOCTOR PROMISED ME THERE'D BE NO LANGUAGE GAP...
LOOK, AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY ANYTHING? I MEAN, I APPRECIATED THE INDIANA JONES BIT BACK THERE, BUT IF YOU'D JUST GET ME OUT OF THESE ROPES I'LL BE YOUR FRIEND FOR LIFE...
WHERE ARE WE GOING, ANYWAY?
QUIET, BOY, I'M THINKING.
"BOY"? "BOY"?!
DO YOU WANT TO BORROW MY GLASSES, MR MAGOO? I'M A GIRL, OKAY?!
STOP THE BUS, I'M GETTING OFF!
ARE ALL WESTERN FEMALES SO... LOUD?
WHEN THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, SURE!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, GIRL?
IZZY.
"IJI"? HAH-HAH-HAH!
NO, IT'S I-Z-Z... OH, FORGET IT. WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
GIRL, YOU ARE WELL-NAMED...
..."IJI" MEANS "PRIDE".
MY NAME IS KATSURA SATO. YOUR FRIEND HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE CASTLE OF LORD RIKUSHIRA, A MAN I INTEND TO KILL.
THE ROADS WE ARE FATED TO FOLLOW RUN SIDE-BY-SIDE, YOUNG IJI...
PRAY THEY DO NOT HAVE THE SAME DESTINATION.
DINNER WAS EXCELLENT, LORD RIKUSHIRA, YOU'VE BEEN MOST GENEROUS. BUT I'M STILL CONCERNED FOR MY COMPANION...
MY MEN WILL FIND HER, DOCTOR, HAVE NO FEAR! BUT SURELY YOU HAVE NOT HAD YOUR FILL ALREADY? EAT MORE, I INSIST!
I ALLOW NO FRUGALITY WITHIN THESE WALLS... THOSE OF NOBLE BLOOD MUST ALWAYS HAVE THEIR HUNGERS SATISFIED! IT IS WHAT SEPARATES US FROM THE RABBLE...
RECENTLY THERE WAS SOME DROUGHT IN MY PROVINCE... THE PEASANTS' BARLEY CROPS PERISHED. SOME DARED TO COME HERE AND ASK ME FOR A HANDOUT! THEY CLAIMED TO BE STARVING! DO YOU KNOW WHAT I TOLD THEM..?

"LET THEM EAT RICE CAKE"?
HA-HA-HA! I WISH I HAD! NO, I MERELY SAID THAT CHARITY IS ONLY FOR THOSE WHO PROVE THEMSELVES WORTHY OF IT...
AND THEN I HAD THE SPOKESMAN BEHEADED.
I... SEE.
BUDDHA HAS NO LOVE FOR THE POOR, YOU SEE – THAT'S WHY HE DOESN'T GIVE THEM ANY MONEY! HA-HA-HA!
LORD RIKUSHIRA, I MUST PROTEST – THIS GAIJIN IS MY PRISONER, YET YOU TREAT HIM AS AN HONOURED GUEST...
SILENCE, HIROTADA, YOU ARE AN UNIMAGINATIVE BORE. DRINK YOUR SAKE, AND LEAVE THIS EXCELLENT BEAUJOLAIS TO THE DOCTOR AND MYSELF...
BUT... ALL SUCH IMPORTS HAVE BEEN BANNED BY THE SHOGUN!
YOU ARE DEFYING AN IMPERIAL DECREE!
I AM NOT ACCUSTOMED TO BEING REPRIMANDED IN MY OWN CASTLE, SAMURAI. LET THE SHOGUN FEAR THE OUTSIDE WORLD – I EMBRACE IT. WE CAN LEARN MUCH FROM THOSE BEYOND OUR SHORES...
BY THE WAY, HOW IS YOUR SAKE, HIROTADA? NOT TOO STRONG FOR YOU, I HOPE..?
GGAAAKK!!
AAUUNNGH!
I WOULD BE GRIEVED IF YOU AND YOUR MEN SUFFERED ANY UPSET WHILE YOU DIE.
THEY'RE... THEY'RE FINISHED!
WHY, RIKUSHIRA?
THE RUNNING DOGS OF THE SHOGUN ONLY BECOME AGREEABLE WHEN THEY BECOME CORPSES. COME, DOCTOR, NO OUTRAGE, PLEASE...
WE LORDS MUST STICK TOGETHER, YES?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I AM AWARE OF YOUR OWN NOBLE LINEAGE. I RULE ONE OF NIPPON'S LARGEST PROVINCES, BUT YOU...
YOU ARE LORD OF A FAR GREATER DOMAIN.


THIS IS THE CASTLE'S MOST INNER SANCTUM. PLEASE ENTER...
YOU'RE NOT COMING IN?
MY HONOURED MOTHER WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU IN PRIVATE.
THIS IS EXTRAORDINARY. IT MUST HAVE TAKEN YEARS TO CREATE.
WHAT A MAGNIFICENT TAPESTRY...
AND WHAT A FAMILIAR-LOOKING DRAGON.
I AM PLEASED YOU APPROVE...

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I AM THE LADY ASAMI.
PLEASE FORGIVE THE FLAMBOYANT MANNER IN WHICH YOU WERE GUIDED TO MY HOME, DOCTOR... I DOUBT CAPTAIN HIROTADA WOULD HAVE ACCEPTED A DIRECT INVITATION.
YOU'VE BEEN EXPECTING ME, THEN?
I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN BLESSED WITH THE GIFT OF MIND-SIGHT. IT HAS LONG BEEN A SPARK OF LIGHT IN MY WORLD OF DEEPENING SHADOW...
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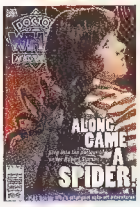

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The DWM 279 Crossword

Set by Horus — sponsored by BBC Books

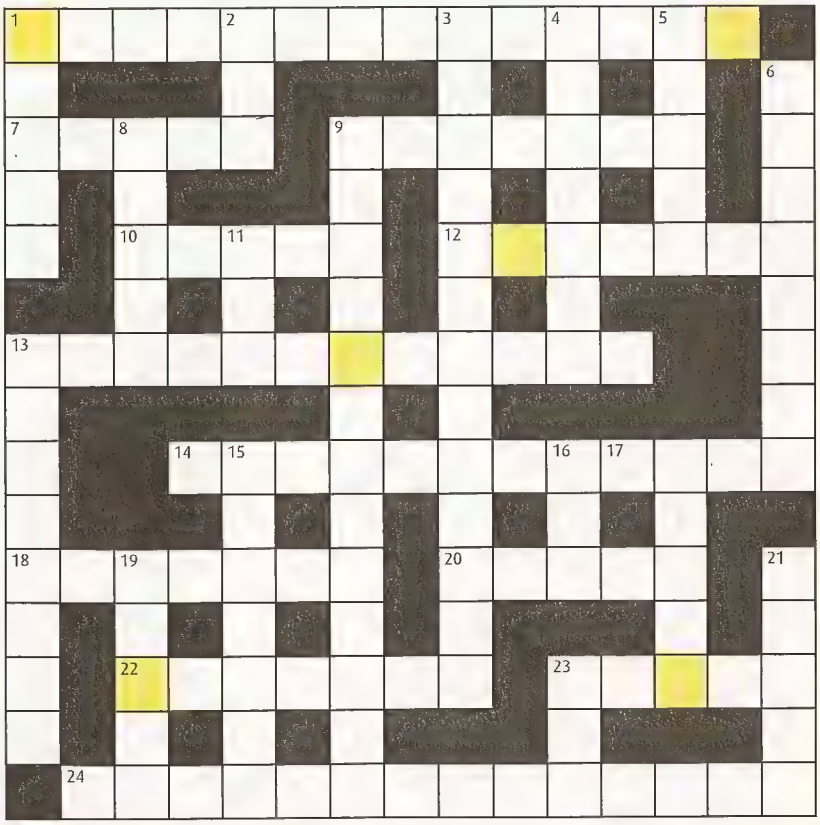
Five lucky readers can each win a pair of this month's BBC Books novels, *Unnatural History* and *Storm Harvest*, in our new crossword competition. All you have to do is identify which Doctor Who character's name has been scrambled among the shaded squares, jot it down on a postcard and send it to DWM 279 CROSSWORD at the editorial address on page 6.

Across

1 Hell! A Greek clan battles Minor military man [7,7]
7 Francis – sizzling on Time/Space Visualiser? [5]
9 Publicity given to Bob Marley fan by metal-hoarding Lady [7]
10 Record swallowed swallowed Thal [5]
12 Ice device's noise remixed in heads of Inland Revenue [7]
13 Beaver to Troy, wake up – little Susie! [7,5]
14 'Grandfather' of 13 across pushing back in Crete [5,7]
18 Miss working 12 across in artist's loft, we hear [7]
20 Gold weight for plastic man [5]
22 *Sensorites* in part a desperate type [7]
23 Ape-like mercenary, don't think much, nor go back [5]
24 Robot soft on singular artist, like Reynart and Strella [8,2,4]

Down

1 Geek caught first ball for Peladon man [5]
2 Troughton command – which Davison made? [3]
3 Green villain has Fury Maggie on the runaround for Daleks [8,5]
4 The health of Leon Colbert? [2,5]
5 Story editor 'ad a manuscript [5]
6 Disfigurement of Greel, Jek and Quillam: it's scaring right inside [8]
8 Sevateem tribesman Ohica liberated in part [5]
9 "Malpha, topless, on half-horse, half-man? There's a thing!" says hermaphrodite known to 1 down [5,8]
11 Stor, off his head – at Glastonbury? [3]
13 Danger? Ee, it's travelling like the Master, the Rani or Omega [8]
15 Wessex woman – inside is she lean, or does she look like Dot Cotton? [7]
16,23 Sutekh, gone bad? Get away! [3,3]
17 Pub is to Queen like Pluto's Retinue [5]
19 Kaled heard a bird [5]
21 More muddled than a Manussan mum [5]
23 [see 16]



Own a piece of Do

Enter our fantastic Comic Relief raffle!

The team behind this year's popular Comic Relief *Doctor Who* sketch have kindly provided us with a host of absolutely unique props, costumes and autographed goodies to offer in a special fund-raising raffle!

To be in with a chance of winning any of the numbered 'lots' shown opposite, all you have to do is fill in your details in the entry form and send it to us at the address given.

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The draw is open to overseas readers too, although all donations must be in pounds sterling.

The closing date for entries is 10 August 1999. Winners will be announced in DWM 283.

ctor Who history!

1 Gary Gillatt models the Master's cape, which comes complete with the suction cup hand ("superior Dalek technology"), black gloves and some smeared remains from the sewers of Tersurus. The cape is signed on one sleeve by Jonathan Pryce. [Shirt model's own]

2 Pair of very firm Dalek bumps, each signed by Jonathan Pryce and helpfully marked 'left' and 'right'.

3 The Master's control device, used to activate the Spikes of Doom. A working prop – which lights at the push of a button – constructed by the BBC Visual Effects department.

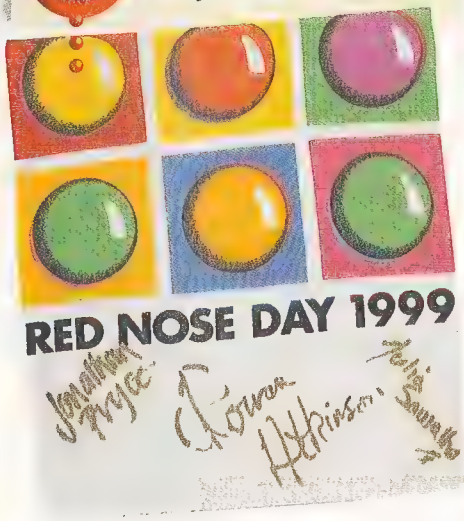
4 Alan Barnes models Emma's dress, skirt and hip bag, as worn by Julia Sawalha. [Shoes and stockings model's own]

5 Shooting script signed by all principal cast (Rowan Atkinson, Julia Sawalha, Jonathan Pryce, Richard E Grant, Jim Broadbent, Hugh Grant and Joanna Lumley).

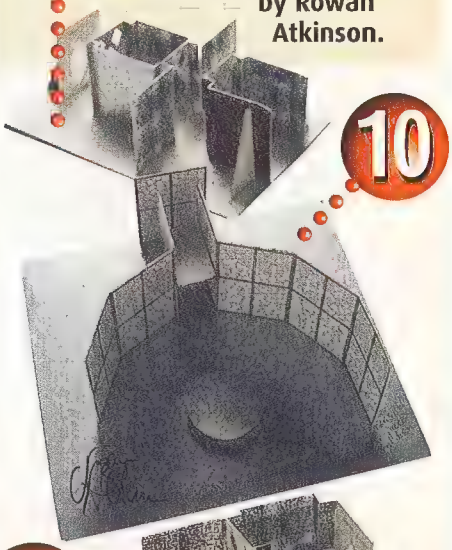
6 The Doctor's waistcoat, as worn by Joanna Lumley.

7 Door panel from the TARDIS.

8 1999 Comic Relief T-shirt, signed by Rowan, Julia and Jonathan.



9 Scale models of *The Curse of Fatal Death* sets, built by the set designer to allow the director to block action and camera moves, each signed by Rowan Atkinson.



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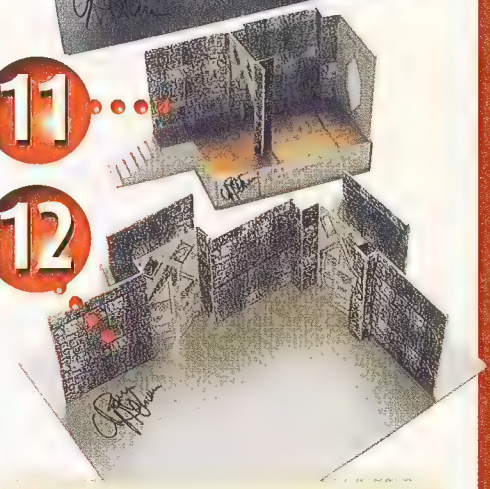

13 [Not shown] Full-length mirror signed by Rowan, Jonathan and Julia.

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John Wiles

Games without

Doctor Who's second producer died on 5 April. Alan Barnes salutes the powerful, brave and inspiring Sixties serials overseen by John Wiles.

John Wiles assumed the producership of *Doctor Who* during April 1965, at the absolute height of the programme's success; the Daleks' first return appearance in the late autumn of 1964 had secured a level of public awareness (not to mention viewing figures) which can only be enjoyed by something at the very cusp of the popular imagination. As tends to happen to such phenomena (witness the paths of, say, David Bowie, *Twin Peaks* and Oasis) much of Season Two threatened to descend into self-parody in direct consequence: *The Web Planet*'s laudable efforts to represent an entirely alien civilisation must be balanced against an entirely cynical desire to crown the Zarbi the next Daleks; *The Romans* and *The Time Meddler* stand as proof positive of the maxim that history is only ever repeated as farce; *The Space Museum* searches in vain for a plot which might give shape to its wobbly premise; and *The Chase* remains the closest that *Doctor Who* has ever come to resembling the countless spoofs and take-offs it has inspired, less the wit. Given the loss of William Russell and Jacqueline Hill, a further two of the programme's original stars – whose schoolteacher characters articulated Science and History, the two great cornerstones on which the format had been founded – there is absolutely no reason why *Doctor Who* ought not to have burned itself out as soon as it had shone so brightly.

If Wiles and Donald Tosh, his newly-appointed story editor, did not fear such an early decline, they certainly sensed that something was awry. "Primarily we wanted to develop the programme and get it out of the somewhat childish rut we felt it was in," Wiles said in 1983. "It was the boundaries I think we wanted to extend the most . . . We were looking for an avenue into serious science fiction." Theirs was, by all accounts, a genuinely shared mission; Wiles, a writer/director grounded in the theatre, was far more a creative soul than his precursor, Verity Lambert, had ever been. As he once acknowledged in the pages of **DWM**, their task was self-imposed: "The feeling from above was that the show works now, and will continue to run as long as Bill Hartnell plays the Doctor. So perhaps I was mad for wanting to change it. But our audience research had shown . . . that many adults watched the show and so I felt we could do better than we were doing."

At the time, what was doing was *Galaxy 4*, a slight parable on the theme that 'appearances can be deceptive', plus *The Daleks' Master Plan*, an absurdly unwieldy 12-parter in the mould of *The Chase* commissioned, so the story goes, at the behest of the Director-General's elderly mother-in-law. Although credited to Lambert, Wiles 'line produced' *Galaxy 4*, making his mark by siding with writer William Emms in a studio floor dispute over Hartnell's reluctance to adhere strictly to the script – and making the difficult relationship between star and producer an omnipresent issue. Large portions of *Master Plan*, meanwhile, would have to be fleshed out by Tosh to compensate for Terry Nation's under-

The Doctor (William Hartnell) pits his wits against the Toymaker (Michael Gough)

Photos: BBC Video [4] BBC [1] Jeremy Bentham [1]

frontiers

length scripts, centring the piece decisively around not the machines, but the machinations of deranged human villain Mavic Chen, with his alien allies' mutual distrustfulness suggesting an ersatz United Nations – and reducing the story's reliance upon *Chase*-style set pieces. The story arc leading to *Master Plan* kicks off with its stand-alone prologue, *Mission to the Unknown* – and whereas the notion for this single, Doctorless instalment cannot be credited as an innovation of the new team, its grim presentation style (deemed untransmittable in Australia, as constituting "Horror") forced the *Radio Times* to stress, in a reply to a letter from a concerned parent, that *Doctor Who* was not (or no longer?) solely for children.

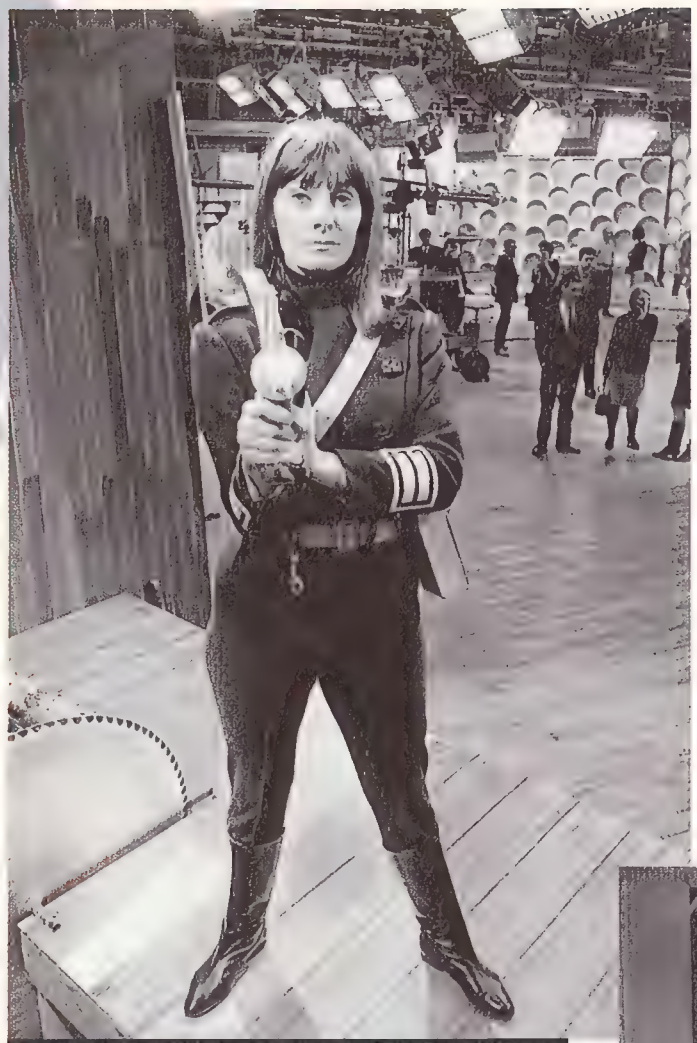
The following story reveals more clearly the sophisticated style Wiles and Tosh were aiming for. *The Myth Makers*, the only *Doctor Who* to date whose title refers to the TARDIS crew, is most usually labelled 'High Comedy' – whatever that means – but it's actually a deeply satisfying drama delivered mostly in modernistic, sometimes very funny, dialogue. It's not a 'historical' in the sense of *The Aztecs*, *The Crusade* or even *The Romans* – indeed, the absence of quantifiable fact covering the story of the Fall of Troy enables its iconoclastic purpose. Thus Menelaus is reconfigured as a "dropsicle old camp follower", "heartily glad to see the back of" Helen; the Trojans are "frankly . . . very bored at being penned up" in their city after ten years; and the story of the horse itself "obviously absurd – probably invented by Homer as some good dramatic device." But these more transparently comedic elements are held at bay, and ultimately mitigated by, the horrible inevitability of the city's sacking; the fourth episode, *Horse of Destruction*, ends in awful tragedy. Background screams swamp the soundtrack (all that has survived); companion Steven is gored and mortally wounded in the mayhem; and Vicki, renamed 'Cressida', is abandoned in an uncertain future with "nowhere to go", simply because she cannot bear for the valiant Troilus to believe that it is she who has betrayed the Trojans (and if you still reckon *The Myth Makers* is a comedy, listen to Troilus' desperate wailing as he flees the ravaged city: "Cressida! Could you have betrayed us? *Cressidaaaaa!*").

This, new very dangerous universe reaches its ultimate expression in *Master Plan*, with the sudden and shocking deaths of proxy companions Katarina and Sara – and one can only assume that the *Junior Points of View* correspondent who urged that someone should "give the Producer a kick in the pants" for killing off Ms Kingdom must have helped prove to Wiles that his new, more adult approach was bearing fruit. There was also the matter of finally shutting the lid of the series' metaphorical toybox, with the utter and absolute extinction of the Daleks themselves, devolved to embryonic form in the second of their several 'final ends': "The idea was to finish off the Daleks for good and then we wouldn't have to worry about them ever again," claimed Tosh in DWM 191.

THE CELESTIAL TOYMAKER IS A BOLD EXPERIMENT IN THE FANTASTICAL – THE LIKE OF WHICH WOULD ONLY RARELY BE REPEATED

The extraordinary *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* goes even further in underlining the show's new rules, making no concessions whatsoever to its audience. Unlike every other historical tale, it contains no elements of the typical 'adventure' narrative – no fights, no ploddingly nefarious villainy, no captures nor escapes; even its structure (each episode covers one day, with no recaps of the previous instalment's ending) is a new invention. The leads are positioned obliquely in relation to the unfolding tale, as horrified bystanders – and, when we're encouraged to think that the Doctor has been

Steven (Peter Purves), the Doctor and Vicki (Maureen O'Brien) surrounded by Chumblies. *Galaxy 4*.

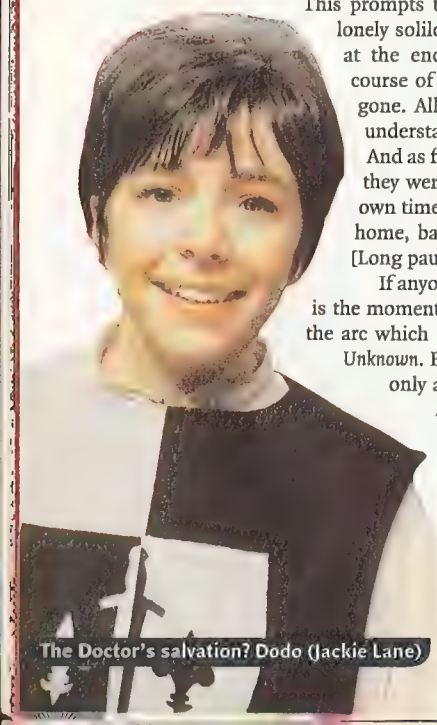


Jean Marsh (Sara Kingdom) on the set of *The Feast of Steven*

found murdered in a Parisian gutter, the strength of Steven's reaction ("What have they *done*?"), coupled with our experiences of *Master Plan*, are enough to make us almost believe it.

The bloody purging of the blameless Huguenots ("Innocents? Heresy can have no innocence," declares genocidal Catholic Catherine de Medici, chillingly) is but a means to reach *The Massacre*'s actual climax, where Steven, sickened by the fact that the Doctor has not intervened to prevent the bloodshed, apparently sending even young Anne Chaplet to her doom, walks out: "If your 'researches' have so little regard for human life, then I want no part of them!" This prompts the Doctor to launch into a lonely soliloquy, almost breaking down at the end: "I dare not change the course of history . . . Now they've all gone. All gone. None of them could understand, not even my little Susan, or Vicki. And as for Barbara, and Chatterton – *Chesterton* – they were all too impatient to get back to their own time. And now, Steven. Perhaps I should go home, back to my own planet – but I can't . . . [Long pause, then whispered] I *can't*."

If anyone was ever going to end the series, this is the moment to do it, with the shattering climax of the arc which commenced way back in *Mission to the Unknown*. But it's actually a way to launch into not only an upbeat ending (the first since *Galaxy 4*'s, 21 episodes previously), but to begin the entire programme anew. The Doctor is saved – I use the term advisedly – when a chirpy young Londoner, Dodo, bursts unexpectedly into what she believes to be a Police Box. To avoid detection by the authorities, the Doctor and Steven whisk her away into space – and, not only is she living proof that it's possible that Anne might have escaped the slaughter in 1572, she is also the reincarnation of another equally significant teenage girl: "Don't you think she looks rather like my grandchild Susan? . . . Yes, but she does, you know! . . . Oh, my dear! My *dear*!" In a dramatically precise reworking of *An Unearthly Child*, the 'new' *Doctor Who* begins exactly here.

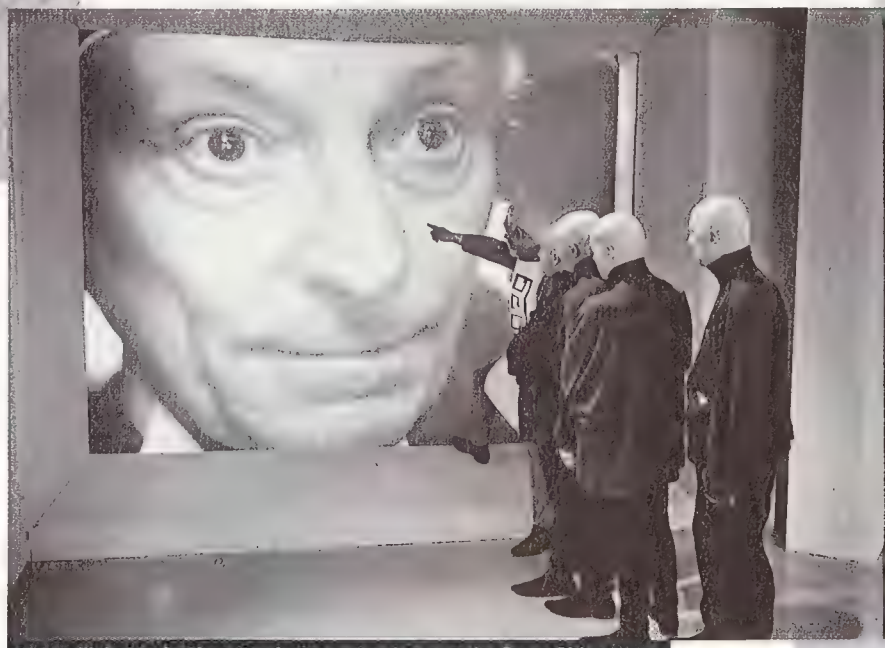


The Doctor's salvation? Dodo (Jackie Lane)

Not only is *The Ark*, based on one of Wiles' earliest ideas for the show, every bit as experimental in form (its two by two-part structure; oh, very apt), huge in scope (the destruction of the planet Earth in living monochrome, for one), serious-minded (both form and content underline a new interest in the ramifications of time travel), it expounds a new, humanitarian philosophy, too, one that's dictated twice: "You must travel with understanding as well as hope." The mute Monoids (to whom the humans 'sign', a language which Wiles' work with disadvantaged children would surely have made him profoundly aware) are treated as second-class citizens by the humans, which causes their rebellion 700 years later. Riven by internecine conflict, the Monoids are forced into brokering a peace with the humans: "Unless you learn to live together, there is no future for you . . ." (Although we don't know that Wiles' status as a South African emigré influenced the presentation of the apartheid visited upon the Monoids, it's interesting to note that the theme is revisited in *The Savages*, working title *The White Savages* – the last storyline to enter pre-production during the Wiles/Tosh period.)

Wiles' last formal credit was for *The Ark*, he and Tosh having elected to depart the series prematurely towards the end of the production nightmare of *The Daleks' Master Plan*. "I was never happy with the role of a producer," he later confessed. "A producer is really a desk person, deriving pleasure and satisfaction from battles in the office. This was very frustrating for me as I am much more a writer and a director . . ." Wiles and Tosh left behind two serials at an advanced stage – *The Celestial Toymaker* and *The Gunfighters*. The former, another hugely audacious proposition, would, he considered, be neutered at the hands of incoming story editor Gerry Davis, the battle of wills between the Doctor and the all-powerful Toymaker downplayed and the threatening Uncle and Aunt figures present in the version left behind utterly eliminated (in fact, he submitted a memo to the Head of Serials regretting that the story was proceeding at all). That the Toymaker has returned in novels, comic strips (and, nearly, the television series) stands testament to the bravura concept of the character and his bizarre domain – an experiment in the fantastical, the type of which would rarely be repeated throughout the series' remaining decades.

This was a more fully-realised articulation of the freewheeling attitude which had transformed the *The Dalek Master Plan*'s seventh episode, *The Feast of Steven*, from a shallow succession of



Supervillain Mavic Chen (Kevin Stoney) points out the face of his enemy

The Doctor and Steven in Paris, 1572. *War of God*

laboured Christmas gags into (nearly) a full-on acknowledgement of the programme's status as a constructed fiction, replete with a faux *Z Cars* crossover and a silent film segment, complete with captions (nevertheless, both Wiles and Tosh rued Hartnell's directly acknowledging the audience at its conclusion). *The Celestial Toymaker* was exactly the sort of step forward Wiles and Tosh wanted to see the series take more of – but other of their wilder notions, such as the much-touted 'Face of God' storyline, would go unmade. The next team would initially turn to harsh contemporary science, not the arts, for their inspiration, ultimately eliminating the historical sagas altogether in favour of sequels and pastiches from pulp and lowbrow sources. With great success, it must be said, and it's Davis and Innes Lloyd who now take credit for the series' riskiest ever move – the recasting of the show's lead actor. A move which Wiles and Tosh had floated to occur during *The Celestial Toymaker* . . .

THE SHATTERING CLIMAX TO THE MASSACRE OF ST BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE PAVES THE WAY TO BEGIN THE ENTIRE SERIES ANEW

The greatest shame is that, by virtue of their randomly falling victim to the mid-Seventies junkings, only seven of Wiles' episodes have survived, ensuring that late 1965/early 1966 remains a relatively unacknowledged part of the *Doctor Who* story. Eclectic, clever, dramatic, daring, innovative, unfettered and above all bold, not only do these stories mark the point at which *Doctor Who* began to grow up, grow out, and grow into something quite unlike anything on television before or after, they're exactly the sort of shows which any future producer of *Doctor Who* could do worse than to study carefully for clues as to how to make it great.

One must, after all, travel with understanding as well as hope.

DWM

To stimulate, provoke and entertain

Recalling the time they shared the production office, story editor Donald Tosh spells out John Wiles' manifesto for Doctor Who . . .

It was my good fortune to have the job as John Wiles' story editor throughout the period he worked as producer for *Doctor Who*. I had known John before as one of the 'towers of strength' in the story and serials departments of the BBC. He had come to this country from his home in South Africa around 1950 and, having written various plays, joined the BBC staff, transferring to BBC TV to become a script editor. Apart from being a fine writer and editor himself, he was totally unselfish in the way he would encourage other writers and stimulate them, and thus get them to expand their abilities and imagination.

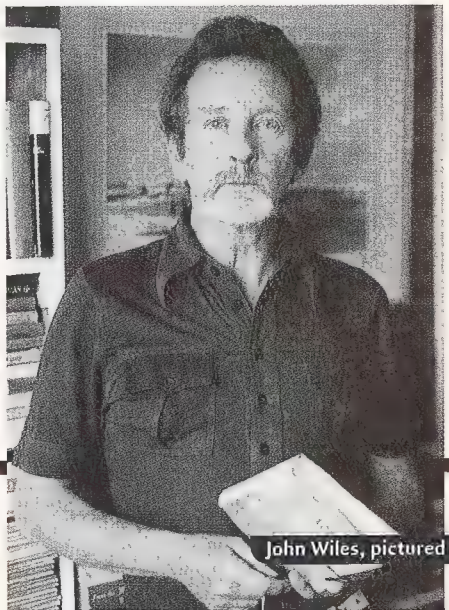
When John took over the reins of *Doctor Who* from Verity Lambert, the programme was already a popular success – primarily due to the appearance in the Nation's life of the innovative monsters, the Daleks. It was John's view, which several of us shared, that the need was to capitalise on that success and expand into new territories and open up the rather narrow horizons of science fiction for the young. He wanted to broaden the imaginations of our primarily young audience and not just produce a cavalcade of villains from the past and monsters-cum-robots from the future for the Doctor to thwart. He wanted the series to encompass the complete range of storytelling – mysterious, dramatic, comic and thrilling – and hoped to introduce variations in production style to complement each story. His intention was that *Doctor Who* should lead the field in innovative television for the younger viewer. Through his work with disabled and damaged children he had found ways in which to stimulate, to provoke and to entertain at the same time. Or, as he would have put it, they had taught him how it could be done.

After he had agreed to become producer of the programme, he discovered, somewhat to his chagrin, that the decision to make a 12-part Dalek serial had already been taken. He felt that, however successful their stories had been, to exploit them to this extent was sterile, and the occasional 'guest starring' performance would serve the programme better. He was over-ruled and so, despite his disappointment at having to shelve many of his innovations, he rallied the troops, encouraging director Douggie Camfield, co-writer Dennis Spooner and myself to bring as much originality as we could to the formula, and providing many ideas himself.

The progression through *Galaxy 4*, *The Myth Makers*, parts of *The Daleks' Master Plan*, *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* and most especially *The Ark* and the original concept of *The Celestial Toymaker* show what could have been; had he continued he could have given us a programme so different to that which evolved that it might be running to this day. But John hated the fighting over budgets and the forced cheese-paring of the producer's role. Nor did he enjoy the endless internal political in-fighting and bickering which, sadly, continues to flourish in television today.

John was always courteous and welcoming to all those who worked with him; he would listen carefully before coming to a decision, and once the decision was made and agreed upon, he would stand by it and defend it vigorously. A witty and humorous man, the production office was a happy place for those of us involved; personally, I never spent a more fulfilling time as a story editor than in that period I worked for and with John. He was a good, kind and generous man; unfortunately, we do not meet enough of them in life, but it is a great privilege when we do.

Vale.



John Wiles, pictured in 1983

Shelf Life

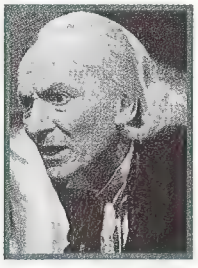
With **Vanessa Bishop**

MYTH MAKERS 43: A TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM HARTNELL – THE FIRST DOCTOR

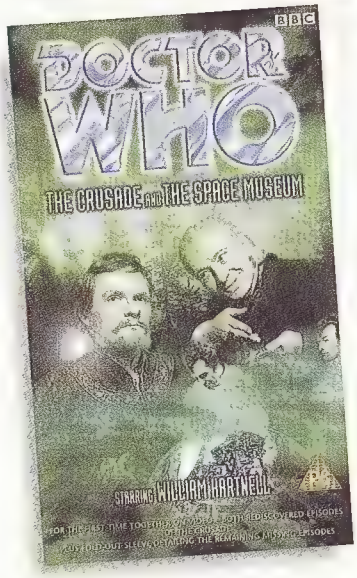
Reeltime Pictures
£16.99

Doctor Who is sodden with eras competing in the 'happy family atmosphere' Olympics, where their casts dribble pleasantries like goo from an Alien Queen. Such an affliction has never blighted the programme's earliest years. During 1963-66, a spade is called a spade.

Initially lingering, with Jessica Carney abridging her grandfather's early life and career, this tribute soon switches to a 'vox pops' format highlighting surviving companions and contributors. Realism, truth, sadness – the recalling of genuine qualities have saved both actor and era from descending into a succession of anecdotes about someone's knickers. The lengthy pause with which Maureen O'Brien interrupts herself eloquently conveys Hartnell's complexity; surfacing from a private, silent memory, she discontinues the subject of his difficulty and revels equally strongly in his unique magnificence.



DOCTOR WHO: THE CRUSADE & THE SPACE MUSEUM



Boxed set BBC Video **Comprising** *The Crusade* 1 & 3 plus CD of 2 & 4, *The Space Museum*, postcards, keyring **RRP** TBA **Cat No** BBCV 6888 **Available** 7 June

Freshly transported from New Zealand, The Lion's roar is heard for the first time in 34 years.

There are several striking differences between the two surviving instalments of *The Crusade*. *The Lion*, the rediscovered first, is less oppressive, for the larger part more playful, and affords fewer scenes to Julian Glover's petulant, vocal King Richard. The script is less crowded with the lengthy metaphor and tortured phrase that have aligned David Whitaker's work, somewhat generously, with Shakespeare's. The bellowing of insults that require twice the breath of most encourages top-drawer thesping from the participants, who bite the head off every line, challenging each performer to match the others' urgency. In *The Wheel of Fortune*, William Hartnell wins, stealing an argument from the Earl of Leicester by roaring the commanding put-down, "I hate fools!" The shouting match with which Glover and Jean Marsh conclude the episode further secures *The Lion* as a quieter affair.

With 'The Lion' himself being refused the lion's share, this first instalment is more Barbara's episode. Much screen time is taken up with showing her as Saladin's captive/guest. There is a greater dignity to Saladin's court, possessing a more controlled elegance than that displayed at Richard's; Jacqueline Hill's forever calm and reasoned Barbara annuls the need for similar Saracen theatrics.

The Lion contains two passages of special note. A comic interlude concerning the Doctor's theft, from a market stall, of a trader's cloaks and tunics is justified by making the point that the wares available had already been stolen. The directions given in Titan's script book indicate that the Doctor acts on this opportunism; the episode differs in that Vicki functions from the off as the Doctor's accomplice, and it is clear that such a theft was always the intention. Secondly, at the top of the episode is the failed Saracen ambush of Richard's hunting party. Once the TARDIS crew interrupt, director Douglas Camfield proceeds to involve all concerned in the energetic swordplay which had been, with but a single surviving episode, this historical's one great omission. Typically, it is Ian, beaten back from the tight confines of a studio forest and thrown amidst a more spaciously filmed version, who takes most of the tumbles. More unexpected is the Doctor's swordplay; he's seen circling and jabbing at his attacker until, uncharacteristically, Camfield elects to shy his camera away.

Such coyness is certainly absent from the scene's resolution; signalling *The Lion*'s single most shocking moment, a sword, thrown javelin-like by a wounded knight, is seen to thud deep into a Saracen's chest. Add the Doctor administering a sharp punch to knock a Saracen silent and it appears that the censored Australian cuts showcased on *The Missing Years* weren't, after all, the last word in *Doctor Who*'s teatime arena of violence.

Given a further 25 minutes, Ian Chesterton still remains the least present player – and, despite being named after him, *The Knight of Jaffa* would make little difference. Yet it has fallen to Ian to link and introduce these episodes – and William Russell, relaxed in an opulent library, resurrects him magnificently. Other than his whitened hair, he is as Ian as ever. Delivering a script punctuated with humour and warm remembrances, Russell avoids letting this pretence slip into the awkward or silly, as it so easily could. Unquestionably the most successful of such attempts, it even takes the opportunity to, controversially, marry itself with BBC Books, with Ian recounting printed adventures over those televised. I look forward to his company again when *The Reign of Terror* requires its narrative to be similarly plugged.

The recovery of an historical episode, particularly one with a sample episode already secure in the BBC archives, is unlikely to create the interest expected of a lost science-fiction based entry, nor reveal as many surprises. True, *The Lion* has fewer secrets – but is far less likely to disappoint.

The Space Museum begins by posing a nightmare scenario – but, sadly, ends up being one.

Moroks clearly have issues. They have a name which sounds like an expletive, and a desire for Buzby-like big hair piled high upon the head which suggests that Morok hairdressers have been disproportionately blessed with a sense of humour. They wear garters in which they pocket their ray-guns, and walk with the slow gait of a recently-spayed cat. Altogether a rather uptight bunch, they've built a space museum on the planet Xeros . . .

Xerons, unsurprisingly, have issues too. An undernourished, skinny bunch, to them the Moroks' museum, crafted to resemble a gigantic chocolate chip gateau, appears to be a deliberate provocation. With not one Xeron appearing old enough to earn beer money, they squabble like prefects contemplating a tuck shop's liberation from the Fourth Form. All that they share with the Moroks is the script's total disinterest in the struggles of either party. You're likely not to care; clearly, no-one else did.

Dutiful, if uninspired, *The Space Museum*'s latter episodes cannot conceivably be the reason why it ever got commissioned. From the writer down, all energies have been expended on the first episode, the individual greatness of which, in obligation to *Doctor Who*'s format, is later undercut by an insipid tale of revolution. Although never promoted or recognised as such, *The Space Museum*'s opening episode can be viewed as a self-contained play, a standalone entry with much the same relationship to the rest of the tale as *Mission to the Unknown* has to *The Daleks' Master Plan*. Here, rather than breaking the story with another unrelated one, the two converge, as the TARDIS' occupants arrive at the Museum for the second time, moments before the episode's close.

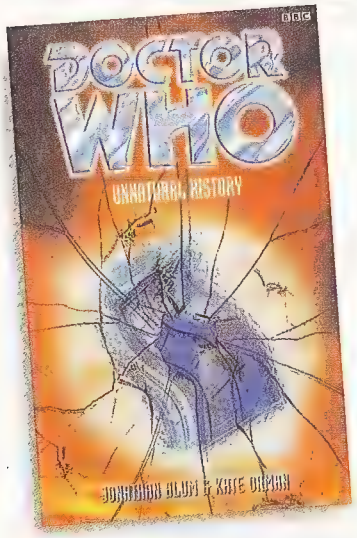
Their original arrival poses a prophetic nightmare, with the travellers strolling into their own future and finding themselves dead. Admittedly, the museum locale offers the opportunity for their bodies to be macabrely displayed, but beyond this shocking exhibit, it is immaterial. In stumbling in on some future cliffhanger, it's evident that almost any other perilous situation would have sufficed. Had our heroes, in seeking shelter from a jungle's wild beasts, chanced upon themselves, prostrate, heads smashed open, within the Cave of Skulls, *The Space Museum*'s arresting central premise would have been as easily obtained. So it's a pity – in the event of writer Glyn Jones' inability to ally his prologue to a less rudimentary story – that script editor Dennis Spooner didn't reserve the idea in order to later attach it to worthier exploits.

However, the initial 25 minutes present as compelling an episode as you're likely to see. Without hysterics, and transcending its designer's lack of commitment, a disorienting and genuinely odd step is taken into the surreal. Achieved without resorting to an easier wonderland of wishes, this rarely-celebrated example is a much

subtler manipulation. And it's remarkably bold in what it suggests: the TARDIS crew have, through a temporal anomaly, been rendered ghosts. From the strength of this simple premise flow all its oddities. That they can pass through solid objects, be stared at and yet fail to be seen, that they leave no footprints and are unable to affect their surroundings in any permanent way, implies that the programme has effectively cancelled out its own leads. Uniquely, we do not even inhabit their time stream; the one we visit is one where they have already ceased to exist. We see them only because the writer wishes us to, but their dialogue might as well float disembodied over the empty sets. We are in the company of the dead.

Given a few years, this segment would invite the use of many fledgling visual and electronic effects – split-screen, for example, enabling the Doctor to peer closely at his embalmed corpse, or perhaps, to indicate the TARDIS' jumping a time track, a shimmer or double-imaging. But constraints of time and technology forced the simplest options, and saves from scrutiny primitive tries at now commonplace tricks. Instead, necessity produces passages that, partnered with the programme's talent for picking the choicest of stock music, appear odder now than they could ever have wished for then.

DOCTOR WHO: UNNATURAL HISTORY



Novel BBC Books **Authors** Jonathan Blum & Kate Orman **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor, Sam & Fitz **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55576 9 **Available** 7 June

It's Alien Bodies II – and this time they're banging like rabbits.

Were she ever to surface, the Jo Grant of a parallel universe – an altogether less fuddled model, who lowered her hemlines and passed all her O-levels – would surely prove to be a disappointing substitute. *Unnatural History*'s alternative Samantha Jones, on the other hand, does not.

She owes her roots – like her hair, much darker – to *Alien Bodies* author Lawrence Miles. And in expanding upon *Alien Bodies*' biodata and time paradoxes, Jonathan Blum and Kate Orman's adaptation of Miles' entangled

Blum & Orman's Unnatural History finally enables the reader to *know* the Eighth Doctor, outside and in

themes creeps, initially, towards clarification; its *dramatis personae*, significantly reduced, suggest that Penguin Passnotes may not be needed to conquer it.

Carefully pasting Miles' less sanctimonious alternate Sam and his Time Lord cult, the Faction Paradox, into San Francisco 2002, the authors repeat the intuition of their earlier *Vampire Science*. After *Seeing I*'s alien Ha'olam world, Blum and Orman again ally Paul McGann's Doctor to his geographical 'birthplace', cleverly surmising that the familiarity will again benefit their story. But *Unnatural History* owes 1996's US TV Movie more than just its skylines, as the events of that Millennium Eve have created a dimensional rip inside which both the TARDIS and the original Sam find themselves trapped. A keener eye on the book schedules, perhaps, may have avoided allowing so many recent novels to exclude Sam from the action – but to fulfil the authors' purposes, her absence is demanded more than most. Unusually, the book's key events have passed whilst you're reading the 'Other Books Available' and copyright notices. We join escalating dimensional disaster, sightings of otherworldly, Lovecraftian creatures – and, in Griffin, collector of unusual specimens, a potentially memorable villain.

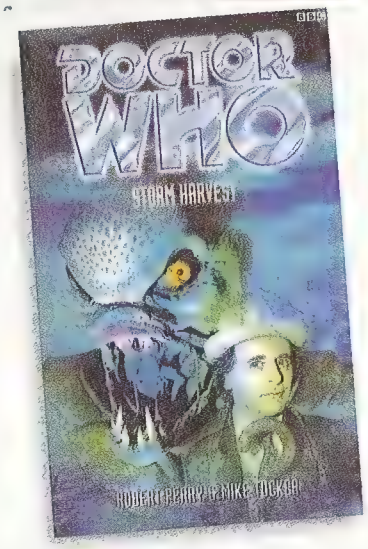
Sounding dolly, wooed by the clarity of this novel's distinct, often ghostly, opening chapters, I wanted to treat it to my bestest bookmark. But just when I'd begun to believe in it, it slipped into a ponderous melange: *Alien Bodies II* – and this time they're banging like rabbits.

It's not the fact that – after Michael Collier's preventative measures in *The Taint* – the earth eventually moves for Sam and Fitz that's so objectionable. It's the underhand way in which this event is achieved. Unable, in previous works, to consummate the Doctor and Sam relationship, despite fervent attempts – often ignored or diluted by surrounding authors – Orman and Blum are relentless. The introduction of Sam Mark Two – the circumstances of whose creation allows the authors near-*carte blanche* – appears little more than an overpuffed device to enable the authors to riddle their narrative with sexual conquests and tortured hearts. Sam's unsuccessful entrapment of the Doctor is, therefore, followed by a jackpot hit with Fitz. Perhaps Miss Erogenous Jones may have proved more honest a title.

If *Unnatural History* were written without its fantasy context – perhaps as part of some daytime TV soap opera – then Fitz, chided by his Sam and crippled with the horn, would find welcome but unexpected satisfaction in the arrival of her more 'up for it' sister. It is to the individual's preference whether the opportunities that *Doctor Who* offers should be so narrowed, but *Shelf Life* finds it frustrating when fantastic concepts unavailable in wider fiction are employed only to produce 30-something, relationship-driven drama. A parallel Sam should be more than just a horizontal one. If *Doctor Who* is like everything else, what's the point of *Doctor Who*? Such lengthy interludes unwisely challenge the main story, which is further disserviced by pages of academical fiction gone adrift from a biotechnology journal.

Blum and Orman's greatest achievement remains a characterisation that, beyond one TV appearance, finally enables the reader to *know* the Eighth Doctor, outside and in. Clearly the writers possess a talent for evocative prose that always rejects more obvious adjectives for the unlikelier, livelier choice. Those who value the style, the recurring themes of drug abuse and navel-gazing, and a *Doctor Who* buffeted by inappropriate behaviour, may find it unbeatable.

DOCTOR WHO: STORM HARVEST



Novel BBC Books **Authors** Robert Perry & Mike Tucker **Featuring** The Seventh Doctor & Ace **RRP** £4.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55577 7 **Available** 7 June

A wantonly clichéd monster-fest strongly reminiscent of an era too short – but there's nothing wrong with that.

Shelf Life's second writing partnership of the month appear to have embarked upon a personal bet. The number of times Robert Perry and Mike Tucker achieve their objective of alluding to one particular body part, and its size, is for the reader to discover. There's mention, too, of a planet that, if read aloud by a child, would drain a parent's face to granite. Social diseases, as source material, are less than charming. Be grateful, then, that

DOCTOR WHO MINIATURES

Harlequin Miniatures £2.50 +

In yesterday's marketplace, *Doctor Who* figures suffered from an eye for detail so wayward that an Aggedor in boxers or a cerise Quark with handbag would appear to be one of their better shots. Not at Harlequin. Dedicated to accuracy, not one figure suggests that its sculptor worked from a sloppy description 'phoned in – but it's sod's law they're so *small*.

Harlequin's 16th release comprises: Thal Aldon, full-chested and coiffured; a *Colony in Space* Primitive; Scaroth, flashy in Paris civvies, collar and trouser widths unmistakable; Dortmun, wheelchair-bound, bowling a Dalek bomb overarm; a Drahvin, plucked rigid from publicity stills, brandishing a cumbersome gun; a lumbering Ogron with a grumpy scowl; a Mark 1 Cyberman, back arched, countering his chest unit's weight; and, lastly, a UNIT trooper – whose right trouser leg, I fancy, could do with some creases. Heads will roll at Harlequin tonight!

THE TIME TEAM

Four viewers. 696 episodes. 297 hours. No escape.

EPISODES 001 TO 008

Everyone's settled, the chatter has calmed, and the first video is slipped into the machine. It's going to be a long voyage through time and space for our four viewing companions, but every journey begins with a single step . . .

An Unearthly Child. A policeman plods his lonely beat in Totters Lane. "Is he looking for the source of the horrible screeching music?" enquires Clayton, and is 'ssshed' by the group.

The first words to be spoken in the series are in the schoolgirl exchange of "Oh no, that's horrible"/"No, it's not, it's fabulous" – which, it is pointed out, is exactly the debate regarding *Doctor Who* that will divide the viewing public for the three decades to follow. "Is that schoolboy really trying to do a Kenneth Williams impression when he looks over the girl's shoulder?" asks Richard.

We meet teachers Ian and Barbara, and discover their curiosity regarding their pupil, Susan. "Aren't Ian and Barbara exactly like Mulder and Scully in this?" asks Clayton, rhetorically. "It's almost a shame the series wasn't just about them . . . 'He's a scientist. She's a historian. Together they investigate . . . er, Historical Science!'"

The teachers decide to follow Susan home on a foggy winter's night. "The whole initial set up is more horror than sci-fi," comments Jac. "All that fog and mystery – very creepy stuff!" Clayton is questioning the logic of the teachers' flashback sequences to Susan's troublesome behaviour. "It would appear that Susan's had only one disruptive day – unless she always wears the same dress and homework is always due in on Tuesday – and therefore Ian and Babs' curiosity is a bit groundless, really."

We're soon in the junkyard, and Richard has nothing but praise. "36 years on, it's easy to miss how important it is that Ian walks right round the exterior of the Police Box – thus establishing that it is a very small shape on the outside," he says. "And Ian's reaction on entering the TARDIS is probably one of the most genuine ever in the programme's history. He's totally bemused by the different dimensions inside the ship and is completely incredulous when he learns that the Police Box can travel in time and space. This seems to be something that's all but forgotten in later years when outsiders enter the ship. Their acceptance of it all is just too easy, unlike Ian's."

"In this first episode," says Peter, "there is absolutely no indication that the Doctor will become the hero of the series."

"But Hartnell's really very good in this and steals every scene," adds Clayton. "Jovial, condescending and cunning. I'm with him all the way!"

Soon Ian and Barbara are making their first trip in the TARDIS, and Ian's comedy falling-over draws mirth from all. "Time travelling seems to send Ian and Barbara to sleep," observes Clayton. "Lucky they didn't keep that idea."

An adventure in pre-history doesn't seem to agree with our four plucky travellers – and even less with our four, no-less-plucky viewers. Jac has terrible trouble, due to a morbid fear of skeletons, skulls and all things bony, and has to watch *The Cave of Skulls* through her fingers. "Urgh, urgh, urgh!" is her almost constant refrain for the 70 minutes to follow.

Peter makes an interesting observation after the Doctor tells caveman Kal that he won't make fire for them if Ian is killed. "Y'know, that's the first time we've seen the Doctor as a compassionate figure. So far he's electrocuted Ian, contemptuously ignored Barbara, lied to his granddaughter and generally behaved like one of Harry Enfield's old gits."

Clayton's distracted again – "It's a bit rich that Kal claims to have 'fought like the tiger and the bear' with William bloody Hartnell!" – while Jac's 'skelophobia' makes her question Susan's sanity when the girl plots the time travellers' escape. "What sort of teenage girl sticks a skull on a burning stick for no apparent reason? Urgh!"

But the escape is made. "It's a relief to see the TARDIS leave the stone age," says Peter. "I wonder how many early viewers, without the benefit of the *Radio Times*, thought that *Doctor Who* would be set exclusively in prehistoric times?"

Off to *The Dead Planet* now, and everyone's much happier. "Why do they split up exploring a city on an alien planet?" asks Jac. "How stupid is that? Although Babs' trapped-in-city scenes are so fabulous." Clayton has issues too. "Out of all the clothes in the TARDIS, and considering he's stepping out into the unknown, why does Ian choose a cardy?" Stupid or not, soon the travellers are prisoners of the Daleks. Clayton: "The scenes in the Dalek cell really are brilliant. The regulars all look genuinely ill – sweaty, tired and depressed. It's almost disturbingly claustrophobic." It's Peter's turn to be devil's advocate. "Given his desire to return to Earth, why doesn't Ian seem to notice that the Daleks both write and speak English?"

As the adventure moves on, even the debut of the Daleks makes less of an impression on Richard than one of the guest cast. "Philip Bond [Ganatus] puts in one of the most genuine performances we've seen so far – miles away from some of the wooden and hammy characterisations many associate with the Hartnell years." "He's certainly very louche," agrees Clayton. "Almost a prototype Jason King."

Our eighth episode, *The Ambush*, scores the biggest hit so far. Richard: "This is the most exciting episode yet. There's a real sense of tension with the lift shaft scenes, as Ian has to be left behind by the others, trapped inside a Dalek, as the door is being cut down." Peter: "The Doctor's deduction of how the Daleks are powered is the earliest indication we have that he's really rather clever." Clayton: "But wouldn't the sentry Dalek be suspicious of the cack-coated eye-stalk? Or do the Daleks enjoy the occasional jape with a 'black-eye Rangerscope' or a sign on the back saying 'Exterminate me'?" Jac is more curious as to why the Daleks grow their own fruit, given that they have no obvious means of eating it. Clayton notes the other essentials the Daleks leave for the Thals and adds, "More worryingly, why do they have so many toilet rolls?"

This session ends on a high, as Richard explains: "This is a fantastic cliffhanger. Bearing in mind that viewers had no idea how long each story would be, it looks to all intents and purposes as if it's going to be the end of the adventure. The travellers have escaped the Daleks and have made it back, safe and sound, to the TARDIS. Only then do they realise that the fluid link (which by now everyone's forgotten about) is still down in the Dalek city, meaning that they'll have to go back. Terrific stuff!" DWM

CLICHÉ COUNTERS

Deaths on screen so far	0003
One or more regulars knocked unconscious	0002
One or more regulars incarcerated	0004

CONTEXT

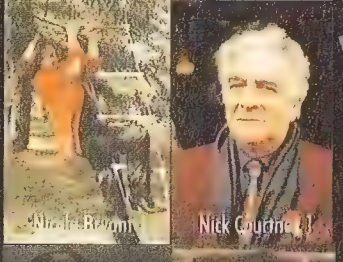
What was happening in the real world when these episodes were first shown?

- **24 November 1963** Lee Harvey Oswald, accused of assassinating John F Kennedy, is shot dead by nightclub owner Jack Ruby at Dallas police HQ
- **1 January 1964** The first edition of *Top of the Pops* is broadcast by the BBC in the UK
- **7 January 1964** Actor Nicolas Cage born Nicholas Coppola

UK number one singles during this period . . .

- *You'll Never Walk Alone* Gerry and the Pacemakers
- *She Loves You* The Beatles
- *I Want to Hold Your Hand* The Beatles

Illustration: Adrian Salmon



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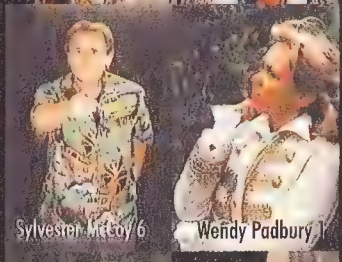
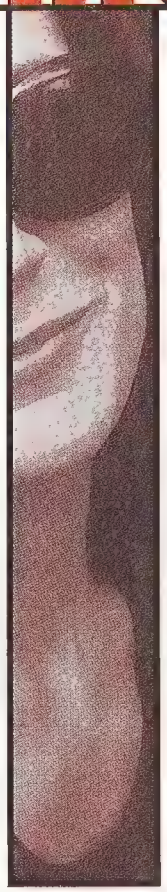


The life & times of Jackie Jenkins



Three weeks after Claire's party

It was occasionally the wont of my workmate Helen to extend our office hours by frequenting the bar she considered her luckiest. It was a description not without justification – although lately, she'd found it to perform poorly. Nevertheless, while I'd been ordering drinks, the seating arrangements had changed. Helen was in mine and a male had been persuaded to sit in hers. So, grabbing a spare, I decided to make my presence brief. But, during a conversation concerning little, it became apparent that, when Helen had introduced me, confusion had arisen; Helen had ended up being addressed by my name, and I by hers. Helen, amused, continued to attribute her name to me whenever the discourse allowed. She was flirting, of course – the deception was part of it. Unfortunately for me, her companion's focus plainly rested rather less upon her than she hoped. She took action.

"That top's very flattering, Helen," she said. "It makes you appear less broad in the shoulders."

I glanced at her guest. "Would you believe we're in Public Relations?" I asked, adding, bluntly: "Like advertising, it often causes us to trick people. Jackie's quite a professional."

Helen glared at me. "And wearing your hair away from your face is more youthful for you."

I decided that, having been given her name, I'd also take her part. "Thank you, Jackie. It's an attempt to revive my appeal that, as I've begun to appear more dated, I've found to have wavered slightly." I'd taken her part. Helen bit back, taking mine, patting the arm of the male for attention.

"Have I mentioned that at a recent party I compromised a relationship with an acquaintance from my past – and further, I'd acquired his mobile 'phone?" She retrieved it from my coat pocket, placing it down on the table as both illustration and proof.

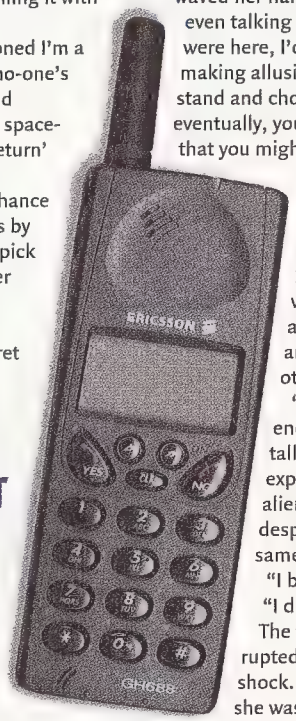
"Have I made the point," I responded, "that when recounting stories, I'm inclined to sensationalise, a practice gaining me an unfortunate reputation not entirely appreciated by my work colleagues?"

"The idea that my exit from the party was rushed is acceptable," Helen continued, "but my claim that the darkened conditions had caused me to clumsily uptip my bag, and that mistakenly I'd gathered up Darren's mobile 'phone, rather than my own, in consequence has, amongst those I've told, been greeted with scepticism. The notion that I've not been inclined to return it has met with equal suspicion."

Three weeks have passed since Jackie tumbled with her childhood nemesis. Disaster is imminent – but first, a few home truths will out . . .

"Have I mentioned, being only interested in the salacious, that I entirely fail to understand your theory that Darren and yourself are a 'once every four years' thing?" I said. " That contact would deprive you both of the feelings of hurt, hate and betrayal that require such time to fester? That a history exists between you that makes six year-olds of adults? That you're back in the playground, filling his shoes with mud, back in assembly, clutching handfuls of chalk dust, back wearing a *Bionic Woman* T-shirt, back trembling, fixed in the stare of Mrs Stone, being blamed for the tomato slices flicked and slowly sliding down the dining hall window – when it was he, Darren, grinning behind you, who was guilty? I fail to understand that he is your sworn enemy and returning mobile 'phones is not the sort of activity in which sworn enemies partake – well, not without first hollowing it out and filling it with peas."

Helen changed tack. "Have I mentioned I'm a *Doctor Who* fan? At work, when I think no-one's looking, I pretend all the keyboards and computer screens are the controls to a spaceship. I've been caught punching the 'return' key and shouting, 'If I can just get the TARDIS free of the Time Corridor!' I enhance the functions of mechanical appliances by humming my own sci-fi noises. I can't pick up a stapler without thinking it's a laser gun, or operate calculators and hand remotes without imagining I've programmed a robot, or opened a secret panel in a solid wall of brick."



"At work, when I think no-one's looking, I pretend all the keyboards and computer screens are the controls to a spaceship"

"Well," I interrupted, "I haven't really the depth of character or imaginary scope for such an interest. I'm far too busy working my way through the male population to apply my mind to anything above the waist."

"Whereas I'm reading," Helen returned, "but only *Doctor Who* books. I'm terribly insular and obsessively ordered. I cannot understand how people can exist knowing they have magazines where the one on top is of an earlier edition than the one underneath."

"I'd buy *Hello!* if I didn't find the pictures so taxing . . ."

"And television," Helen persisted. "*Doctor Who*, of course, preferably old black and white. The slower the better, as I believe my stamina for such programmes is perceived as a sign of intelligence and an appreciator of a more literate culture. Also, in watching programmes made before my birth by choice, I hope to imply that I'm an oracle of the medium and, as such, have licence to patronise others on the workings of television. Where, in truth, my over-exposure to just one programme renders my knowledge archaic, commonplace and of no use to man nor beast."

"If it's not glossy, big budget, made in the last five years, forget it," I sighed, "particularly if it makes you think and features characterful actors who I don't fancy. It's pointless stating TV's the most powerful artform when I'm only interested in who's drinking at the Rovers."

"Did you know," spat Helen, "that John Cleese was once in *Doctor Who*? You won't wish for it, but I could tell you the names of everyone who was ever in *Doctor Who*, including a few you might have actually heard of." She swung round and then back again in mock interruption. "Oh, I'm sorry, I know I was talking to you but I thought I heard someone express a preference for Pertwee. They're completely wrong. Everyone knows Tom Baker was the best. It makes me so unreasonably agitated when people disagree with me about *Doctor Who*. They're not fans, they don't have the right!" She waved her hand dismissively. "You're lucky I'm even talking to you. If my *Doctor Who* friends were here, I'd be talking to them instead, making allusions to things you'd never understand and choosing not to explain them until, eventually, you'd be so out of the conversation that you might as well not be there."

"Of course," I quipped, "if I'd've had anything decent to offer, I'd never have been left out of the conversation in the first place. I'd be able to introduce subjects in a witty, interesting manner that would arrest the attention of those present and manoeuvre the discussion into other areas."

"And finally," she blazed, "at the end of the evening, I'd apologise for talking too much about *Doctor Who*, expressing token disquietude over alienating and probably boring you – despite proceeding to do exactly the same the next time."

"I bore men anyway," I blistered.

"I dress up as them," she flung back.

The trill of the mobile 'phone interrupted us. Helen looked at it, inactive in shock. She must've switched it on whilst she was holding it. Drawing attention to itself, it rang ten, 15, 20 times. Snatching at it, our awkward companion took the initiative.

"Hello?" After nodding twice, he offered the 'phone to Helen. "It's Darren. For you, Jackie." Panicked, she mouthed silently her unavailability. He returned the mobile to his ear. "I'm sorry, she appears to be . . ."

"Indisposed," I prompted.

"Indisposed, but her friend Helen's here," he said. And passed the 'phone to me. DWM

The Caves of

PART ONE

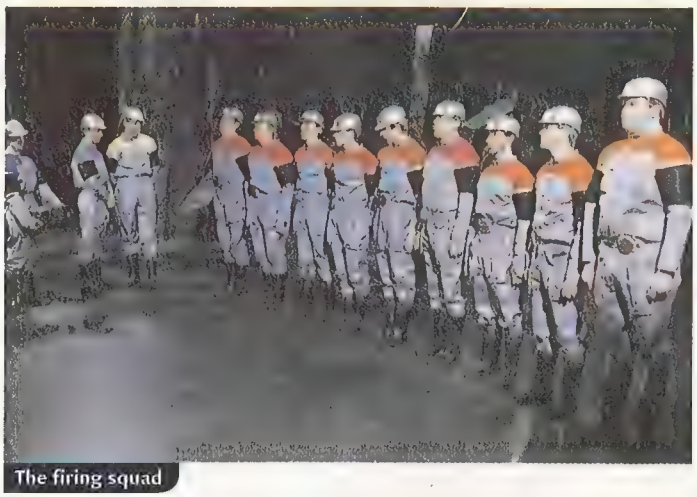
The TARDIS arrives on the desert world of Androzani Minor. The Doctor's curiosity is aroused by monoskid trails, indicating habitation; these lead he and Peri into a cave system, where they accidentally come into contact with a web-like substance. Moments after finding a cache of weapons abandoned in a cave, the pair are captured by soldiers and taken to a subterranean military encampment, where one General Chellak accuses them of being gun-runners. Chellak is conducting a federal action against android rebels led by Sharaz Jek, who has taken control of vital stores of a substance called spectrox.

Chellak reports to Trau Morgus, chairman of the Sirius Conglomerate on Androzani Major, who wants to regain control of the spectrox. Via a vid screen, Morgus sees the Doctor and Peri and orders their execution – but all are unaware that the transmission is being monitored by a shadowy figure . . . Following an attack on his troops by the gun-runners, Chellak prepares a military execution for the Doctor and Peri, who are developing unpleasant blisters on their skin.

On Androzani Major, Morgus meets the President of the Praesidium to discusses the situation on Minor; it transpires that spectrox, which extends life, is very rare, and Morgus' limited supply has rocketed in value. Morgus and the President watch on as Chellak's men take the Doctor and Peri from their detention cell and dress them in ceremonial red cloths. Chellak's firing squad raise their weapons – and gun down the travellers . . .

In 1984, Peter Davison bowed out from Doctor Who in a dark and violent adventure that was soon to be hailed one of the series' finest . . .

Archivist: Andrew Pixley



The firing squad

PART TWO

The Doctor and Peri are brought into a secret workshop in the caves, where they meet the masked figure of Sharaz Jek; two of Jek's lifelike androids have been 'killed' in their place, and the soldiers soon realise the deception. Jek, who has been alone on Minor for years with only androids for company, soon takes a liking to the attractive Peri. Also held prisoner by Jek is Salateen, Chellak's Major; Jek is using an android Salateen to eavesdrop on the General. The real Salateen meets the Doctor and Peri, and informs them that they have both contracted a disease called spectrox toxaemia from their encounter with raw spectrox. They will be dead in days; the only cure is the milk of the queen bat which lives in the lower caves.

It is clear that Jek's motive in preventing access to the spectrox is to revenge himself on Morgus. Jek explains that he once trusted Morgus, but was betrayed by him, and left to die in one of the bursts of boiling mud

Photos: BBC Video [23] Marcus Hearn [1]

Androzani

which occur in the caves; consequently, Jek is severely disfigured beneath his mask. While Morgus hatches more plans to further his conglomerate's success, Jek meets up with a man named Stotz and his gun-running comrades, and negotiates an exchange of spectrox for weapons. Meanwhile, the Doctor's alien physiognomy confuses his android guard, and he manages to escape along with Peri and Salateen – but, following an android attack, Salateen grabs Peri and the Doctor is left concussed. Recovering, the Doctor finds himself trapped while a reptilian creature from the planet's magma advances on him . . .

PART THREE

Stotz's gun-runners distract the magma creature, allowing the Doctor to escape – but he soon runs into Jek and Stotz. Suspecting the Doctor to be a spy, Stotz decides to take him back to Major to meet his 'boss', and the weakening Doctor is taken at gunpoint to the gun-runners' ship. Once the ship has taken off, a blindfolded and bound Doctor remains on the flight deck while Stotz talks to his employer – who, by his voice, the Doctor recognises as Morgus. For his part, Morgus realises that the execution he saw was a fake – and, at once, the industrialist believes that the President is aware of his illegal dealings.

Salateen and Peri reach Chellak's HQ, where they set about planning to lure the android Salateen away from the camp and mount an attack on Jek's stronghold. However, the android uses its heat-sensing view to detect Peri in hiding, and soon Jek infiltrates the soldiers' base, where he recaptures the ailing girl. Peri tells Jek that the army are planning an attack using the information Salateen has given Chellak, but Jek is already aware of this and has set a trap . . .

Morgus kills the President by pushing him down a lift shaft, and informs his aide, Krau Timmin, that he is leaving for Minor at once on a "peace mission". The Doctor manages to cut his bonds and seal himself in the control room of Stotz's ship. Taking control of the vessel, he sends it hurtling back towards Androzani Minor, despite the fact that Stotz and his men are cutting through the door and threatening him with guns. Knowing he is dying anyway, the Doctor is unconcerned: "Unless of course I can find the antidote . . . I owe it to my friend to try because I got her into this. So you see, I'm not going to let you stop me now!" The planet's surface looms up into view . . .

PART FOUR

The Doctor's rough landing allows him to escape the ship, pursued by Stotz's cohort, Krelper. He only escapes when a series of minor explosions heralding a mudburst occur. Back at the ship, Morgus has arrived and struck a new deal with Stotz, after learning that Timmin has revealed his murder of the President to the authorities on Major. Gunning down his crew, Stotz joins Morgus on a joint mission to capture Jek's spectrox supply.

Chellak's men walk into Jek's android ambush, and Salateen is killed – but the androids are being destroyed as Jek tends the delirious Peri. Chellak confronts Jek in the caves, but the General ends up sealed outside Jek's workshop, where he perishes in a burning mudflow. The Doctor manages to reach Jek's workshop, where Jek gives him the oxygen cylinders he will need to reach the queen bat in the lower levels. Successfully obtaining a phial of the milk, he heads back to Jek's hideaway. There, Stotz and Morgus have arrived; ripping away his mask, Jek shows Morgus his disfigurement and kills the discredited tycoon. Stotz shoots Jek dead, but is in turn shot by the Salateen android. As the workshop catches fire, the Doctor arrives, escaping with the dying Peri in his arms.

Just before the major mudbursts erupt, the Doctor hauls Peri into the TARDIS, and dematerialises the ship. However, there is only enough milk to cure Peri – and, as she recovers, she finds the Doctor prone. Imagining his former companions urging him to live, the Doctor regenerates into a new, curly-haired form. When Peri asks what has happened, the 'new' Doctor informs her: "Change, my dear. And it seems not a moment too soon!"

'You're a very confusing person to be with . . .'

Crossing the sandy surface of Androzani Minor, the Doctor comments on the twin worlds to Peri.

DOCTOR Androzani Major was becoming quite developed last time I passed this way.
PERI When was that?
DOCTOR I don't remember. I'm pretty sure it wasn't the future.
PERI You're a very confusing person to be with, Doctor, you know that?
DOCTOR I tried keeping a diary once – not chronological of course. But the trouble with time travel is one never seems to find the time.

From **The Caves of Androzani Part One**. By Robert Holmes

In Production

The Doctor (Peter Davison) and Peri (Nicola Bryant) are prepared for execution . . . Or are they?

Around October 1982, during production of his second season, Peter Davison was uncertain whether or not to extend his initial three-year contract to play the Doctor by a further 12 months. Disappointed by the lack of time spent making *Doctor Who*, he'd see other actors of his own age tackling many different roles at the BBC's Acton rehearsal rooms; furthermore, the two sitcoms which he had worked on in tandem with *Doctor Who* – *Sink or Swim* and *Holding the Fort* – had both ended. Davison also recalled the advice given him by Second Doctor Patrick Troughton when the pair had met in the BBC car park shortly after Davison had been given the series' lead role: 'Don't stay more than three years.'

Within weeks of completing *The Five Doctors* in March 1983, Davison informed producer John Nathan-Turner that he would not be extending his contract. The producer, who'd hoped Davison would choose to continue, opted to make the next Doctor's debut the final serial of the 1984 season, thus allowing viewers to get fully acquainted with the character's sixth incarnation. Davison's Doctor would, therefore, be written out in the year's penultimate serial.

The writer selected to craft this script was Robert Holmes, a veteran of the show. Holmes' regular work on *Doctor Who* had ended in 1978 after

STORYLINING Classic films

As with many of his earlier *Doctor Who* serials, writer Robert Holmes – aware that pure science fiction plots lacked points of familiarity for the audience – drew upon classic films for inspiration. The three films which Robert Holmes had in mind when plotting *The Caves of Androzani* were *House of Wax*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *The Phantom of the Opera*. *House of Wax*, a 1953 film starring Vincent Price, concerns a sculptor, mutilated by a fire at his wax museum, who uses dead bodies to form the basis of a new exhibition striving to recreate beauty; it was itself a remake of a 1933 Lionel Atwill movie called *Mystery of the Wax Museum*, in turn based on Charles S Belden's stage play.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame hailed from Victor Hugo's 1831 romantic historical novel *Notre Dame de Paris*; here Quasimodo, a deformed bellringer, rescues gypsy girl Esmerelda. There were three film versions starring Lon Chaney in 1923, Charles Laughton in 1939 and Anthony Quinn in 1956.

The most significant influence was *The Phantom of the Opera*, the tale of a masked, disfigured man, Erik, who abducts the prima donna of the Paris Opera House, descending to his secret lair in the sewers. Gaston Leroux's 1911 novel had been filmed on three occasions, with Lon Chaney in 1925 (pictured), Claude Rains in 1943 and Herbert Lom in 1962; Holmes had previously used elements of it in his 1977 serial *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*.

Krelper (Roy Holder) and one of his gun-running comrades

delivering *The Power of Kroll*; since then, he had been the script editor of both *Armchair Thriller* and *Shoestring*, and written for shows including *Blake's 7*, *Into the Labyrinth*, *The Nightmare Man*, *Airline*, *Juliet Bravo* and *Bergerac*. Nathan-Turner had resisted using too many 'old hands' on *Doctor Who* on assuming the show's producership in 1979, but script editor Eric Saward had grown to admire Holmes' work after viewing videos of old stories.

Circa July 1982, Saward had advocated Holmes as the writer of 20th anniversary serial *The Six Doctors*. Because of the many old characters he was forced to include in the story's breakdown, Holmes never felt settled on the project, and dropped out in October (whereupon Terrance Dicks wrote *The Five Doctors*). In contrast to *The Six Doctors*, Saward offered Holmes almost total freedom on the new four-part commission, the only demand being that the Davison Doctor was written out. Holmes was keen to tackle this, since he had not written for Davison and knew that the final story of a Doctor guaranteed high drama.

A scene breakdown titled *Chain Reaction* was commissioned on Friday 6 May; the title referred to the interlinked elements in a gun-running plot. In its earliest form, the Doctor was to succumb to a combination of exhaustion and physical wounds inflicted by the gun-runners, thus bringing about the character's fifth regeneration.

The scripts, now called *The Caves of Androzani*, were commissioned on Thursday 28 July – the day Davison's departure was formally announced via a press call, reported on the BBC News (although it had been hinted at on BBC1's *Take Two* on Tuesday 21 June). Since June, it had been agreed that Colin Baker would be Davison's successor, although this had not been made public. Various newspapers carried the story the next day, with Davison saying that he had enjoyed working with guest cast members, but to stay longer might damage his career by causing him to become stereotyped. Nathan-Turner commented that they were considering an older actor to replace him; Baker's casting was formally announced on Friday 19 August.

Holmes delivered his first two scripts in late September. Saward was delighted with them, and after a brief discussion Holmes was despatched to continue work. Parts Three and Four were delivered by the end of October. Descriptions of the main protagonists was minimal: General Chellak was "a burly, grey-haired man" whose troops wore "workaday combat gear"; of Morgus' behaviour, "when angry, his slow delivery rarely rises above a whisper" and he rubs "an eye which has started to twitch"; Timmin was a "statuesque secretary". Sharaz Jek was introduced in Part One as a figure whose "head is covered by a stiff leather hood with eye and mouth slits". Originally, his face was to be shown when he is unmasked by Chellak early in Part Four: "We see a hairless skull devoid of most facial flesh until below the nose. From there it falls away into the neck like mouldering green cheese." One of the androids in Jek's workshop was described in Part Two: "It is one of his rougher models. Many of the work-androids have been left gruesomely unfinished, possessing only one necessary eye or a bare semblance of a face."

The magma creature was described in Part Two as a "Scaly muddy hulk . . . [it] has the body armour of a gigantic armadillo, slavering crocodile jaws, and the short powerful rear legs of a Tyrannosaurus. Bullets bounce off"; in Part Four, other descriptions emphasised its "short rear legs" and "scaly foreleg". The other alien creature was the queen bat in Part Four: "About five feet from head to toe, covered in black fur . . . It is wrapped in its scaly wings and its head is more that of a lizard than a bat." As the Doctor milks the bat, Holmes suggested: "We pan down from this bucolic scene with its overtones of dimpled dairy maids and hay-scented cow byres, and close on the bat's head, somewhere by the Doctor's knee. A lizard eye blinks open, glowing green, then slowly closes again."

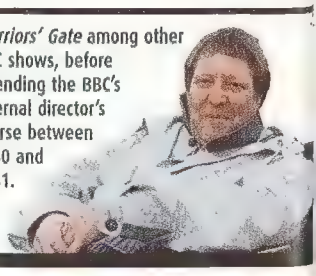
'Doctor Who doesn't work if it's only straight sci-fi with no familiar parallels for viewers to pick up on'

Robert Holmes

Various elements were dropped during the script editing process. In Part One, Chellak was unimpressed by Morgus, complaining about "that little man with the big desk" after Salateen announces the Doctor and Peri's capture. Many of Chellak's scenes were longer, such as the discussion of the creature which Salateen says lives in the Deeps, coming up to Blue Level to feed; Chellak says that he's lost five men to it in six months, and consequently "when we've dealt with Sharaz Jek, I think [we'll] have a hunting party before we return to Major." When questioning the Doctor, the General comments that he finds "torturing prisoners – even such scum as you – a distasteful procedure" – but he will resort to this if necessary.

DIRECTOR Graeme Harper

Born in Hertfordshire, Graeme Harper was a child actor whose early television work included a BBC adaptation of *The Silver Sword* in 1957. Leaving drama school at 16, Harper soon realised that he wanted to be a director, and in 1965, at the age of 21, joined the BBC as a floor assistant. By 1969 he had become an assistant floor manager, and worked on several *Doctor Who* stories including *Colony in Space*, *Planet of the Daleks* and *Planet of the Spiders*. As a production assistant, he worked on *The Seeds of Doom* and *Warriors' Gate* among other BBC shows, before attending the BBC's internal director's course between 1980 and 1981.



In Part One, Stotz's party were to be alerted to the Doctor and Peri's presence when their "autoguard" – "a small globe like a radar dish mounted on a telescopic rod with a small base for stability" – glows. It was to be made clear that Jek is connecting two coffin-like vats to the video equipment on which he can see images of the Doctor and Peri. There was no material set in Morgus' lift. At the end of the episode, the bodies of the Doctor and Peri were to be seen "kicked and torn by the bullets. They slump down the posts, held loosely by their bonds."

In Part Two, after his fight with Krelper, Stotz was to tell the other gun-runners that their ship is on auto-hold, needing a release code which only he knows. The scene in Morgus' Conglomerate HQ where the Northcawl mine explosion is discussed was longer: we learn that the disaster has wiped out the entire night shift, including the Head of Minerals Division. Morgus feigns grief, asking if the executive was married. "I believe he had five wives and many children," says Timmin. "No wonder we had an over-production problem," says Morgus, telling his aide that this is a joke and offering a contribution towards the funeral expenses. To Jek, the Doctor was to explain how he spotted the android Salateen – "The temperature in these caves is very high. But your android wasn't sweating" – which makes Jek angry as he summons three androids to escort him to Stotz.

Suspected gun-runners Peri and the Doctor are taken to General Chellack (Martin Cochrane)

CASTING Guest artistes

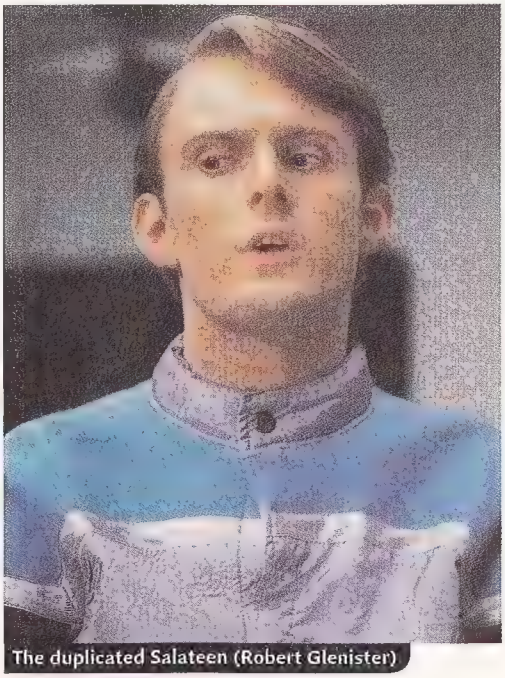
Graeme Harper started casting the guest roles for *The Caves of Androzani* in early October 1983. For the masked Sharaz Jek, Harper wanted an elegantly moving actor with a rich, powerful voice – ideally the singers David Bowie or Mick Jagger. Oliver Tobias was offered the part on Monday 10, followed by Tim Curry on Wednesday 19. For Salateen, Harper approached Roger Daltrey on Wednesday 26, but also interviewed Christopher Gable, a ballet dancer whom he recalled from a show he had once worked on in Bristol; Gable had impressed Harper in Ken Russell's film *The Boy Friend*. A few days after the reading for Salateen, Gable's agent rang and said that Gable would agree to any role, but was particularly interested in Jek; Harper had not believed that Gable would be interested in a masked part. Gable was duly cast as Jek, and the Salateen role went to Robert Glenister, Peter Davison's co-star from *Sink or Swim*, for his ability to imply rapid mood changes with his eyes alone. Michael Angelis was approached to play Stotz on Friday 7, although the actor Harper eventually got was his first choice, Maurice Roeves, whom he recalled from the 1981 BBC serial *The Nightmare Man*; Roeves' other credits included the movie *Who Dares Wins*. Ronald Lacey and Ian Holm were approached on Saturday 8 and Thursday 13 respectively regarding Morgus, but the part went to John Normington, whom Harper recalled playing an unsettling role in the offbeat 1977 crime series *Murder Most English*. The President was also offered to actor A Steedman (presumably Tony Steedman) on Monday 10; this eventually went to David Neal. Harper wanted to offer the part of Krelper to an old friend, Michael Craze, who had played the Doctor's companion Ben Jackson in the mid-sixties; this was vetoed by producer John Nathan-Turner, who had regarded former assistant Jacqueline Hill's playing another role in 1980's *Meglos* to have been a failed experiment. Krelper was played by Roy Holder, a former child actor whose film credits included *Whistle Down the Wind* and who had appeared in TV's *Ace of Wands*. Like Gable, Barbara Kinghorn, cast as Timmin, was a dancer, while Harper had met Martin Cochrane – playing Chellak – while working on *The Pallisers* in the early Seventies.

In Part Three, when Jek speaks of retrieving Peri, he was to refer to her as "that pretty little featherhead"; he also hits the Doctor across the head with a gun for his insolence. The spectrox toxaemia poisoning, which had now been developed as the reason for the Doctor's regeneration, was described as causing a "curious purple mottling" on Peri's legs. The Doctor burns through his manacles on Stotz's ship using the "laser tube that acts as the ship's gyro control indicator". In Part Four, Stotz originally left his cohorts alive when he and Morgus left the spacecraft, and Holmes described the mud-burst as sounding like "a million whistling kettles".

Among his few alterations to Holmes' work, Saward inserted the closing dialogue establishing the new Doctor following discussions with Baker and Nathan-Turner, and added a reason for the Fifth Doctor's wearing a stick of celery on his lapel (the explanation that the Doctor was allergic to gases in the "Praxsis spectrum" was inspired by Saward's own Praxsis 35 typewriter; his comments that celery could also act as a restorative were a late addition). Saward also built up the presence of the magma creature, extending the opening attack on Trooper Boze to indicate a monster about "eight feet high [with] massive claw-like hands".

Two Part Three scenes were extended: Salateen talking to Peri in the General's Quarters, and Jek telling Peri how Morgus destroyed his life. The massacre sequence in Part Four was rewritten, while a couple of continuity references were added to Part One: Peri's comment that Androzani Minor's sand makes a change from the lava she saw on Sarn in *Planet of Fire*, and the Doctor remarking that he had once tried keeping a diary, a trait associated with his second incarnation.

For the regeneration itself, Nathan-Turner drew upon the flashback sequence showing the Fourth Doctor's companions in Tom Baker's swansong *Logopolis*, which had been popular with fans. Since all of Davison's past companions had been invited to the wrap party after recording, it was planned to have each record new lines of dialogue to camera. Saward wrote these, although at this stage both Nyssa and the Master were omitted: Sarah Sutton was due to feature in *Cinderella* over Christmas, when production was planned, and negotiations over Anthony Ainley's fee were still underway.



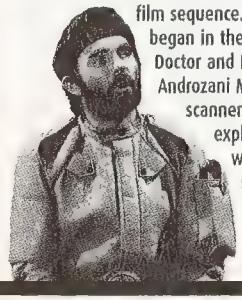
The duplicated Salateen (Robert Glenister)

In a bid to prove that a fan 'mole' was getting access to his production office, Nathan-Turner listed Holmes' serial on his planning board under the title *The Doctor's Wife* – and the title was duly reported in a fanzine. The director to whom Nathan-Turner offered the serial was Graeme Harper, whom he had worked with on previous *Doctor Who* serials since 1971; the pair had also been the assistant floor managers on *The Pallisers* over 1973-74. In October 1980, Harper had been the production assistant on *Warriors' Gate*, keeping a cool head during a highly problematical production. Harper was keen to direct *Doctor Who* and get to grips with its technical challenges, and asked Nathan-Turner after *Warriors' Gate* if he could work on the show. The producer told him to complete the BBC's director's course first. Harper did so, indicating to Nathan-Turner at a Christmas 1982 party that he was still interested in *Doctor Who*. At this point, Harper was scheduled to work on the BBC hospital soap *Angels*, and Nathan-Turner decided to wait and see the finished results. Harper then worked on the play *The Hope and the Glory*, and in August 1983 he received a telephone call from Nathan-Turner offering him a *Doctor Who* serial. However, Nathan-Turner could only hire freelance directors, meaning that Harper had to resign from the BBC.

Harper was broadly delighted to read Holmes' scripts, although he was concerned that the story was relatively studio-bound. Harper telephoned Holmes, whom he had met while working on *The Seeds of Doom*, noting the elements derived from

SCRIPTING Last minute cuts

Aware that studio time was running out fast, there were three main cuts made by writer Robert Holmes and script editor Eric Saward on the final studio day. The opening scene in the TARDIS was truncated to a voice-over for the opening film sequence. Originally, it began in the TARDIS with the Doctor and Peri looking at Androzani Minor on the scanner. The Doctor explains that he wants to find some sand, but doubts that what they can see is the kind he needs: "in the Thuringian Monastery where I learned the craft of glass-blowing they were very particular about the type of sand we used. Sand, soda ash and a spot of limestone was the formula." Peri asks the Doctor what he was doing in a monastery, but the Doctor is secretive, saying first that he doesn't know Peri well enough yet, and then that she is too young to understand. At this point, Peri comments that the Doctor is as much of a pain as her step-father Howard (a reference to *Planet of Fire*).



The magma creature's demise in Part Four was completely abandoned. Originally, the Doctor finds Trooper Boze's broken theodolite (from Part One), using it for support in the thin air – then the magma creature swoops upon him and blunders past. The Doctor thrusts the theodolite into its mouth to wedge its jaws open, and rolls across to the edge of an abyss. The creature thunders towards him, skids over the edge of the chasm and falls into the bubbling magma below – while the Doctor hangs onto the ledge by his fingertips. Also totally omitted was a Part One scene already shifted from location to the studio, in which Stotz and his men are seen eating and spitting out their "lousy lizard meat". They discuss the guns they have abandoned for Jek, who knows that the value of his spectrox is going up by a factor of 50 every month.

The Phantom of the Opera [see panel]; the pair shared many subsequent discussions. Harper wanted the piece to appear very 'real', opting to have actual machine-guns firing blanks in studio, as opposed to 'laser beams' added in post-production; it was to be straight drama with elements of black comedy. The director also studied tapes of previous stories, noting in particular how TARDIS scenes were usually framed.

The designer was John Hurst, who had previously worked with Harper on *Planet of the Daleks*. Make-up designer Jan Nethercot had previously been an assistant on the series, while costume designer Andrew Rose had worked on *Planet of Evil*. Visual effects were assigned to Jim Francis, an assistant on *The Armageddon Factor* who had since worked on *Blake's 7* and *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

Two three-foot models were built for use in film sequences in Parts Three and Four showing Stotz's and Morgus' spaceships in flight; other model work included shots of the mud flow for Part Four, achieved by filming coloured water running through scaled-down sets. Unimpressed by the work, Harper had it remounted during December, losing a short sequence of Stotz's ship crash-landing on Minor in Part Four.

It was decided that the scenes set on Androzani Minor's surface could be completed over three days, Tuesday 15 to Thursday 17 November. The location chosen was Masters Pit, Gallows Hill at Wareham in Dorset; the crew were based at Stoborough Heath. Shooting on 16mm film began on the Tuesday afternoon, when

Morgus' betrayer, Krau Timmin (Barbara Kinghorn)

'I wanted the evil and black humour to come out of the story, not the way the actors played it'

Graeme Harper

Davison and his new co-star Nicola Bryant appeared in sequences showing the Doctor and Peri arriving in the TARDIS in Part One and departing in Part Four. A number of explosive mortices containing peat and water were triggered on location to simulate the mud-bursts. Davison found carrying Bryant over the sands very strenuous; both actors were made up with circles of latex, indicating spectrox toxaemia.

On Wednesday 16, the team hit problems on scenes involving Stotz, Krelper and the gun-runners; Harper wanted to tighten up the dialogue, and revisions were agreed over the phone with Nathan-Turner and Saward. Five scenes were due to be filmed on this day: the gunrunners discussing Jek's payment as they eat in Part One; three sequences showing Stotz talking to Jek via a newly-assembled portable radio link in Part Two; and a Part Two scene in which Stotz nearly kills Krelper with a poison capsule. For some reason, only the last of these scenes was completed; this was difficult to shoot, with the cameraman balanced on the edge of a cliff with the actors. The remainder (bar some Part Two dialogue in which Stotz argues with Jek) were rescheduled for studio.

Likewise, the Thursday's first scheduled scene – the Doctor being herded across the dunes by the gunrunners in Part Three – was reworked for studio. The remaining scenes, an exhausting chase sequence, took almost a day to film; Harper relished this, recalling how Seventies producer Barry Letts had encouraged him when he'd worked on the runaround sequence in *Planet of the Spiders*. Stuntman Gareth Milne doubled Davison for the Doctor's fall into the ravine when pursued by the gun-runners at the start of Part Four. The weapons used were Uzi machine-guns, which Francis fitted with fake gas cartridges in accordance with Harper's instructions.

On Monday 21 November, as rehearsals for *The Caves of Androzani* began at Acton, Davison was required for two publicity appearances in the run-up to the broadcast of *The Five Doctors*: first with William Hurndall (who played the First Doctor in the special) on *Blue Peter*, then recording an insert for that Friday's *Children in Need* telethon with host Terry Wogan. On Wednesday 23, Davison and Bryant flew to Chicago for the Spirit of Light convention with Nathan-Turner and many others. The convention was covered on British television by *Did You See . . . ?* on Sunday 27 plus both the *BBC News* and *Newsround* on Monday 28.

However, when the cast reassembled at Acton on Monday 28, they learned that a scenery shifters' strike had begun. This caused disruption at Television Centre, and the abandoning of the two-day recording session scheduled for Thursday 1 and Friday 2 December. Harper was forced to rearrange his recordings, taking over a two-day studio session in early January which had been allocated to the subsequent story, *The Twin Dilemma*; that story's location filming, planned for late December, was put back to February. Rehearsals for the revised first block recommenced on Sunday 4 December; Baker joined rehearsals for the first time on Saturday 10, the same day that Davison made an appearance on Noel Edmonds' *The Late, Late Breakfast Show* to collect a 'Golden Egg Award' for an out-take from *The Awakening*. Harper already knew Baker from working on *War and Peace* and *The Brothers*.

The first recording session took place in TC6 (moved from TC1, as planned) and ran from Thursday 15 to Saturday 17 December; each day's recording took place between 2.30 and 6.00pm, then 7.30 and 10.00pm. For the first day, Harper tried to record Part One largely in story order, and wanted all the main sets to be available so he could shoot on them as needed. Harper liked to work from the studio floor, with many sequences captured on a hand-held camera; he was also keen to use mixes as opposed to cuts to change scenes.

Scheduled first were scenes in the cave where the Doctor and Peri enter, followed by scenes in the gallery where the gun-runners wait, Chellak's Office, Conglomerate HQ and a scene in Jek's Workshop; in this last scene, a small section of set was erected with Christopher Gable watching a VHS recording of John Normington and a live camera image of Davison and Bryant on two monochrome monitors. Jek's mask was made of tanned leather and mounted over a balaclava arrangement; Harper had wanted its design to look like Masai face painting, which inspired Rose to base the finished version on a photo of a Zulu warrior in war paint. The cave sets were very tall, but simply and cheaply

constructed to stay within the tight budget. Krau Timmin's handset was simply a TV's remote control.

A holographic effect designed by Dave Chapman was used for the discussion between Chellak and Morgus, with Harper recording from both sets at once; this placed the image of Martin Cochrane inside a video-effect haze on the Conglomerate set, allowing Normington to walk around it. Ian Staples, playing a soldier in Part Four, also provided the Signals voice in Part One, while Robert Glenister pre-recorded some of his android double's dialogue for Part Three. The movement of Morgus' lift was achieved by clever lighting effects.

Stotz's attack on the patrol in the Narrows was recorded next, followed by Jek watching Chellak's return to the HQ Cave and Salateen issuing the belt plates in Part Three; one of the soldiers was played by extra Steve Wickham, who later became Co-ordinator of the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society. After this came a couple of scenes outside Chellak's HQ for Parts One and Three, whereupon the cameras moved to the Cave and Narrows sets for various scenes, including the Doctor staggering along in Part Four, Jek meeting Stotz in Part Two and the Doctor's recapture in Part Three. The start of Part Three was scheduled for near-sequential recording next; however, not all of this was recorded by the end of the evening. Harper's desire to make the programme look dynamic had required a lot of scenes to be recorded shot-by-shot, which had proved very time-consuming.

Stotz (Maurice Reeves) and Morgus (John Normington) conspire

It was planned to begin Friday 16 with the close-ups of the companions for the regeneration sequence, but this had been rescheduled to the new final recording day; some scenes in Chellak's office not completed the previous day were taped instead. Work was then to continue with scenes inside Chellak's Office and Quarters for Part Three (including Peri's abduction), followed by the revelation of Peri's disappearance in the Cave HQ. The cameras then moved to both the Conglomerate HQ and Chellak's Office for the scenes in Parts One and Two which required another 'hologram' conversation; part of Normington's stylised delivery to camera derived from the actor misunderstanding directions relayed to him by Harper from the gallery.

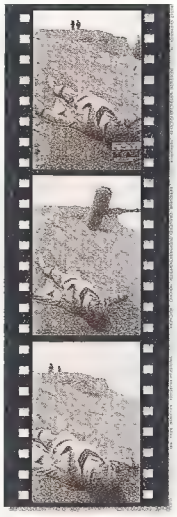
Detection cell scenes featuring Peri and the Doctor were taped next, followed by the remaining Cave HQ scenes for Parts One and Two, including the Part One cliffhanger execution, where dummies were substituted for Davison and Bryant; a VHS recording of this was then seen by Jek on the Workshop monitors. Following this, the later Part Three scenes set at Conglomerate HQ were recorded. This required a half-hour over-run to 10.30pm to complete, and a Part Two sequence showing the Doctor, Peri and Salateen running into androids on the cave sets was abandoned. The android masks had been constructed by freelance prop makers Imagineering; one of these included a rotational mechanism for its single eye.

The afternoon of Saturday 17 began with many of the remaining cave scenes for Parts One to Three, including most of the gun-runners' scenes which had been rescheduled from location. The cameras then moved to the Control Room set of Stotz's ship and Conglomerate HQ to record the Stotz/Morgus communications in Part Three, followed by all the remaining Control Room scenes for Parts Three and Four. The Control Room displayed a VHS copy of the location filming on a monochrome monitor, with VHS of the filmed planet footage used for the cliffhanger, plus a relay of Normington – who was on another part of the same set, which also represented Morgus' shuttle – to a colour monitor. The set included a Styrofoam door which Stotz's men could burn their way through at the end of Part Three. The chains which the Doctor burned through had a release catch which Davison operated out-of-shot.

Work then moved back to the Caves for the Doctor's encounter with the magma beast bridging Parts Two and Three. However, even with a 15-minute studio over-run, the resolution of this sequence, showing the gun-runners in the Narrows at the start of Part Three, had to be held over until the next studio session. The time- and money-consuming magma creature costume had been

EDITING

All four episodes of The Caves of Androzani over-ran and required editing. Part One suffered the least, losing two short scenes showing Salateen opening the casket containing the red garments in Chellak's office, and then exiting with his guard. At the start of Part Two (broadcast as a second edit), a cut came in the middle of Morgus' conversation with the President: Morgus says that those without valid employment cards "have no right to a say in how it should be run" and could be disenfranchised, so as not to harm the chances of the President being re-elected next year. The next cut was a brief scene in which Salateen tells Chellak that there is something about the execution which he should come and see. The end of the scene in which Chellak discusses how Ensign Cass can be prevented from revealing the truth of the execution was removed; after Salateen suggests that Cass could be sent on a hazardous deep penetration mission, Chellak recalls that Salateen is the only officer ever to return from such a venture. He also remembers that he recommended a citation, the Gallantry Cross, for Salateen, which the President has not acknowledged; while 'Salateen' modestly says the medal is not important, Chellak becomes angry that this 'bravery' has been overlooked. The revelation that Cass is one of the patrolling commanders in the caves was removed from the start of a later scene in Chellak's office, where Salateen informs Chellak about increasing activity in the magma – and that mud bursts could occur either side of the perihelion, which Chellak knows is weeks away. Other minor cuts included Salateen and Peri watching the Doctor confusing their android guard, and Jek returning to find the immobilised android.



In Part Three (also broadcast as a second edit), the end of the first scene in Chellak's office was cut; here, Peri collapses and is to be given a shot of sulphadione by the casualty team, with the General commenting that if anything happens to Salateen, Peri will guide his men to Jek's base. The episode lost the end of a scene in Chellak's quarters between Peri and Salateen; helping Peri up, Salateen comments that they have few spectrox casualties (only dozens) which causes Peri to question his philosophy of percentages. The Major explains that troops are warned about spectrox: if they touch it, it is a self-inflicted injury – and the army is still more charitable than Morgus' construction camps. Seeing the beltplate and recalling the Doctor's words, Salateen has the idea of duplicating the plates to give Chellak a bloodless victory: "Except for Sharaz Jek's blood of course." A later scene in Chellak's office had Salateen entering to say that the artificers are working on the beltplates. Chellak is puzzling over Morgus' cold reaction to recent events, with Salateen commenting that the Chairman is "descended from the 900 and all that". There was also a short scene outside Chellak's HQ in which Jek comes around the corner of the Ops Hut, killing the guard on duty to enter the hut and find Peri.

The third edit of Part Four over-ran even after several cuts. The first omission was a scene in the control room of Stotz's ship where Stotz and his men are watching the mudburst from a porthole while Morgus taps out a call on the ship's video; Stotz says that Morgus should see the sight, but the Chairman says he has no interest in "natural phenomena".

A more important cut was a long scene in the workshop between Jek and Peri. This comes after Chellak's death, and begins with Jek entering with an android, telling the delirious Peri that everybody else is dead. The synaptic links of the androids have been burned out, but he can repair them and re-open the spectrox refinery for operation and trading within a week. Giving water to Peri, he promises her furs, silks and jewels – even settling his difference with Morgus: "Only stay with me Peri, and I will make you a princess." Peri asks for sweet iced water as Jek says, "Just the sight of your beauty is reward enough for me." Peri asks for a double peach melba and chocolate soda, and then becomes upset about a 'tune': "Why is it so dark Doctor? I can't see anything." With horror, Jek realises that Peri has been blinded by spectrox toxaemia. As she shudders and convulses, Jek swears that she will not die, and realises he needs to reach the sleeping queen bats. He sends out a call to any functioning android units; in the caves, 'Salateen' replies, "I hear you master."

Sharaz Jek (Christopher Gable) with the captive Doctor and Peri

built by Visual Effects, and included a heavy, fully automated head with moving eyes and 'smoking' nostrils; the costume was not completed until shortly before recording, meaning that extra Colin Taylor had little chance to rehearse in it.

The crew now split up for a fortnight over Christmas. Rehearsals restarted on Friday 30 December, but due to the delay some of the crew were no longer available. Jan Nethercot was replaced on make-up by Shirley Stallard, a newcomer to the show, while Stuart Brisdon, who had been assigned to *The Twin Dilemma*, was to supervise Jim Francis' effects; Brisdon had previously worked on *Mawdryn Undead*.

The second taping session ran in TC6 between Wednesday 11 and Thursday 12 January; unusually, Nathan-Turner ensured that images were not relayed to the viewing gallery, in order to keep the serial's climax secret. Taping on the Wednesday afternoon began in the General's Quarters, which had been re-erected to complete the two Part Three scenes lost on the first studio day. Following this, the cameras moved to Jek's larger base set for the bulk of the scenes in the Workshop and Armoury in Parts Two and Three and the start of Part Four; this included a taped playback of Cave scenes from the previous session in Part Three and the graphics of the cave system seen in Parts Two and Three, now on colour monitors. In Part Two, when the android sees the Doctor's two hearts, Davison wore a special lifejacket-like outfit over his costume, devised by Rose, which had two metallic hearts affixed to it. After this,

'Androzani was a meatier acting job than I'd had for most of Doctor Who. I was throwing myself into it'

Peter Davison

the previously-abandoned cave scene showing the Doctor's party meeting the androids in Part Two was finally recorded; a pyrotechnics dummy was used for the exploding android. This was followed by a Part Four Workshop scene showing Jek tending to Peri, plus Cave scenes showing both Chellak pursuing Jek and the fake Salateen being summoned by Jek.

The final studio day, Thursday 12, included a morning recording session between 11.00am and noon; part of this was spent recording model effects material to mix in with the President's death plunge in Part Three. The single lines of dialogue from the Doctor's companions were recorded now, using actors Janet Fielding, Sarah Sutton (who was suffering from chicken pox), Mark Strickson, Gerald Flood, Matthew Waterhouse and Anthony Ainley; these were recorded against black drapes for insertion into the regeneration.

Most of the day's action was devoted to Part Four. Various Cave scenes were recorded, including Stotz and Morgus hearing the mudburst, the Doctor explaining to Peri about his celery in Part One, Stotz and Morgus discussing terms in Part Four, the Doctor looking down at the mudflow in Part Four, Jek meeting the fake Salateen in Part Three, plus the massacre and its aftermath in Part Four.

Since Harper was running badly behind schedule, a great many key sequences had to be compressed into just the few hours of the evening session remaining. Consequently, Nathan-Turner despatched Saward and Holmes to the BBC bar in order to cut the script to a minimum; the only major sequence that could be jettisoned completely was the Doctor's final fight with the magma beast in Part Four.

Taping restarted at 7.30pm with the fight in the Armoury and Workshop between Chellak and Jek; Harper blocked the scenes on the set for the first time, improvising hand-held camera shots. Gable now wore a second, larger version of the Jek mask over the scarred latex prosthetic which had been applied to his face. Chellak's demise in the mud was recorded next; this was achieved by letting a canopy of black plastic granules fall on Cochrane, but the granules came down too quickly and the effect was lost.

After the shot showing the Doctor collapsing beside a deactivated android, taping moved back to the Workshop set for the scenes of Jek tending to a delirious Peri, and the Doctor's return. By 9.00pm, the cameras had moved to the TARDIS set to record the Doctor's transformation; requiring a lot of precise camera lining-up, this had to be recorded twice, and over half-an-hour was spent on this single sequence. Until now, the bat's milk had been watered-down Dettol, although this was quickly changed to watered milk when it was realised that Bryant had to drink it. Peter Moffatt, who was to direct Baker's debut in *The Twin Dilemma*, was present to watch the scene that would link into his serial being recorded. Baker was unable to squeeze into Davison's spare costume, and performed his sequence with the trousers undone (allowing him to moon Davison's wife, actress Sandra Dickinson).

The cameras moved back to the Workshop set for the complex sequence in which Jek, Morgus and Stotz perish; gas-jet flames in close-up hinted at the burning hideout. By the time this scene had been completed, Harper had over-run the 10.00pm deadline, and been allocated an extra 30 minutes. Abandoning the planning running order, the director then recorded a new sequence showing the Doctor finding the dead magma beast; the Part One scene of Boze being killed by the magma was hurriedly taped next. Harper then recorded some of the shots from the end of the queen bat sequence before opting to record the sound-only version of a heavily truncated opening TARDIS scene, to be laid over the opening film sequence. With 30 seconds' studio time left, Davison recorded the climb up to the bat in one take, with Harper egging him on from just off-camera.

With recording complete, cast and crew joined Davison at his leaving party, where he was presented with an engraved goblet. Davison was now reluctant to leave, having thoroughly enjoyed his meaty acting role in *The Caves of Androzani*; both he and Bryant had found Harper to be an energetic, exciting director, and Davison was worried about stepping out into the general acting world after three years.

With a March transmission looming, editing began on Monday 16 January, with various video effects also being added. An effects shot showing a large blue and a small yellow world, representing Androzanis Major and Minor, was added to the start of Part One. For the opening film sequence, a piece of stock

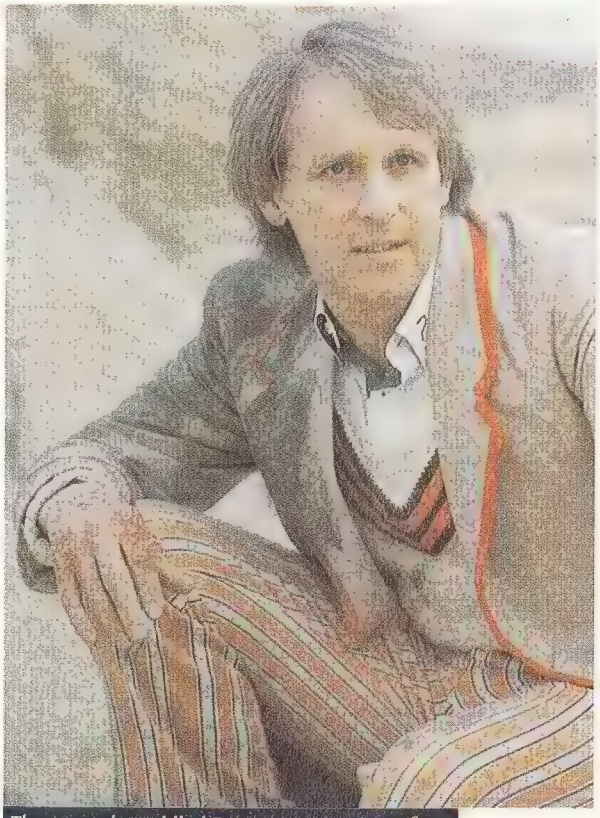
DEPARTURE Peter Davison

Within weeks of completing *The Caves of Androzani*, a bearded Peter Davison was working on a television classic adaptation of *Anna of the Five Towns* at BBC Birmingham. His theatre work continued with *Barefoot in the Park, The Owl and the Pussycat* and regular pantomime appearances, including *Cinderella* in 1984 for his *Doctor Who* producer, John Nathan-Turner. On television, he appeared in new episodes of *All Creatures Great and Small, A Very Peculiar Practice, Campion, Fiddlers Three* and *Ain't Misbehavin'*, among many others, while on radio he was a regular in *King Street Junior*. He returned to television as the Doctor in *Dimensions in Time*, a 3D special made for the 1993 *Children in Need* appeal.

16mm film showing the Monument Valley in Utah was inserted to show Peri's view of Minor. Harper had matte paintings of the horizon made by French artist Jean Peyre (credited as John Peyre) added to the picture during recording, but still had to mask a noticeable join between the two with a post-produced 'sandstorm' effect.

A colour synthesiser was used to simulate the androids' X-ray vision for point-of-view shots in Parts Two and Three. The President's death in Part Three was achieved via the Quantel process; a shot of Neal against a blue background was eventually seen to spiral down the model lift shaft. Other video effects included the execution gunfire at the start of Part Two, the glowing syringe used on Peri and the manacles breaking in Part Three, and the machine which kills Morgus in Part Four.

The filmed mud-burst explosions in Part Four were slowed down to make them appear more powerful; the Doctor also moved in slow motion in the caves. For one shot, Chapman electronically enlarged a cave photograph around Davison; in another, he keyed Davison into a picture with the model mud-flow, which had again been slowed down. Quantel was used to shake the picture, suggesting tremors. Chellak's death was enhanced by electronic effects, and swiftly cut to one of the mud sequences.



The scarred, muddied Doctor on Minor's surface

The regeneration took about a day in post-production. Having watched the previous regenerations, Harper wanted to come up with something using the latest electronic effects. Originally, he sought a dissolve effect, breaking up Davison's face and bringing Baker's in slowly. Added to this was a 'light tunnel' effect, which also appeared on the screen of Stotz's shuttle at the end of Part Three; this was inspired by Harper's recollections of the climax of the 1968 movie *2001: a Space Odyssey*. Harper and Chapman then used Quantel to spin the faces of the Doctor's companions over the picture. A unique set of closing credits, with Baker's face superimposed over Davison's, ran over the closing credits of Part Four.

Around 53 minutes' music was created by Roger Limb, a *Doctor Who* regular since *The Keeper of Traken* who had worked with Harper on *The Hope and the Glory*. For the regeneration, Harper had in mind a crescendo akin to the orchestral cacophony closing *A Day in the Life*, the final track on the Beatles' 1967 album *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

Competition on the ITV network generally came in the form of local news programmes or editions of the highly popular soap opera *Crossroads*. The ratings for the serial were good, especially for the last two episodes; audience reaction was also favourable.

Terrance Dicks adapted Holmes' scripts as *Doctor Who: The Caves of Androzani*; this was published first in hardback by WH Allen in November 1984, with the Target paperback released in February 1985. The paperback, with its Andrew Skilleter cover, was included as part of The Eighth *Doctor Who* Gift Set in late 1985 and was reprinted in April 1992; this reprint bore a new Skilleter painting, which had first been used on the cover of the serial's BBC Video release of January 1992. The BBC Archives retain a copy of the serial on D3 digital videotape, taken from the original one-inch tape. A suite of Limb's incidental score was released by BBC Records and Tapes on the LP/cassette *Doctor Who: The Music II* in February 1985. This track was included in Silva Screen's CD *Doctor Who: The Five Doctors* in November 1992. The mud-burst sound effect was included on the July 1993 CD *Doctor Who: 30 Years at the Radiophonic Workshop*.

The serial was sold abroad. Australia purchased it in May 1984, but rated Parts Two to Four as PGR [parental guidance] rather than G [general]; the serial was shown in June 1984 after cuts had been made, including the Part Two fight between Stotz and Krelper, Jek's androids torturing the Doctor in Part Three, plus the massacre of Chellak's men, part of the pursuit of the Doctor, the death of Chellak, Stotz killing his men and the bulk of the fight between Jek and Morgus, all from Part Four. The serial was sold to North America and Canada in 1985, where it also airs as TV Movie of 93 minutes' duration. New Zealand purchased the serial in 1988 and broadcast it over July and August 1989, with the same cuts as had been made in Australia. *The Caves of Androzani* formed part of a BBC2 repeat season early in 1993, while UK Gold have screened it in episodic and compilation forms since September 1994. DWM

SERIAL 6R THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI

CAST **Peter Davison** *The Doctor* **and introducing Colin Baker** *The Doctor* **[4] with Nicola Bryant** *Peri*, **Maurice Roeves** *Stotz*, **Roy Holder** *Krelper*, **Martin Cochrane** *Chellak*, **Robert Glenister** *Salateen*, **John Normington** *Morgus*, **Barbara Kinghorn** *Timmin*, **Christopher Gable** *Sharaz Jek*, **David Neal** *President* **[1-3], Ian Staples** *Soldier* **[4], Janet Fielding** *Tegan* **[4], Mark Strickson** *Turlough* **[4], Gerald Flood** *Voice of Kamelion* **[4], Sarah Sutton** *Nyssa* **[4], Matthew Waterhouse** *Adric* **[4], Anthony Ainley** *The Master* **[4].**

EXTRAS **Ray Martin, Pat Gorman, Bryan Jacobs, Harry Payne, Shaun McCabe, Steve Rockson, Darrell Brooks, Jerry Judge, Steve Wickham, Doug Stark, Russell Brooks, Bob Tarff, Derek Briggs** *Soldiers, inc Trooper Boze, Captain Rones, Ensign Cass;* **Colin Taylor** *Magma creature;* **Gerry O'Brien, Les Conrad, Robert Smythe** *Gunrunners;* **Ian Staples** *Signals Voice;* **Keith Harvey** *Thin Stranger;* **Keith Harvey, Andrew Smith, Stephen Smith** *Androids;* **Gareth Milne** *Stunt Double for the Doctor.*

CREDITS *Written by* **Robert Holmes.** *Title Music composed by* **Ron Grainer.** *Incidental Music* **Roger Limb.** *Special Sound* **Dick Mills, BBC Radiophonic Workshop.** *Production Managers* **Elizabeth Trubridge, Corinne Hollingworth.** *Production Associate* **June Collins.** *Production Assistant* **Juley Harding.** *Assistant Floor Manager* **Susan Hedden.** *Film Cameraman* **John Walker** [1-2,4]. *Film Sound* **Malcolm Campbell** [1-2,4]. *Film Editor* **Roger Guertin** [1-2,4]. *Visual Effects Designers* **Jim Francis, Stuart Brisdon.** *Video Effects* **Dave Chapman.** *Vision Mixer* **Dinah Long.** *Design Effects* **John Peyre** [1,3-4]. *Technical Co-ordinator* **Alan Arbuthnott.** *Camera Supervisor* **Alec Wheal.** *Videotape Editor* **Steve Newnham.** *Lighting Director* **Don Babbage.** *Studio Sound* **Scott Talbott.** *Costume Designer* **Andrew Rose.** *Make-Up Designers* **Jan Nethercot, Shirley Stallard.** *Script Editor* **Eric Saward.** *Title Sequence* **Sid Sutton.** *Designer* **John Hurst.** *Producer* **John Nathan-Turner.** *Director* **Graeme Harper.** *BBC © 1984*

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Drn.	Rating (pos.)	A.App
ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION					
Part One	8 March 1984	6.40-7.05pm	24'33"	6.9M (66th)	65
Part Two	9 March 1984	6.40-7.05pm	25'00"	6.6M (75th)	nr
Part Three	15 March 1984	6.40-7.05pm	24'36"	7.8M (62nd)	65
Part Four	16 March 1984	6.40-7.05pm	25'37"	7.8M (62nd)	68
REPEAT TRANSMISSION					
Part One	19 February 1993	7.15-7.40pm	24'30"	2.1M (27th)	nr
Part Two	26 February 1993	7.15-7.40pm	24'58"	1.9M (nr)	nr
Part Three	5 March 1993	7.15-7.40pm	24'34"	1.9M (27th)	nr
Part Four	12 March 1993	7.15-7.40pm	25'37"	1.4M (nr)	nr

Broadcast on BBC2. Chart position on BBC2 within Top 30. nr: not recorded.

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Author Jim Mortimore
Cover artwork Jeff Cummins
Internal illustrations Tim Keable
Publication 21 October 1993
DWM review 205
DWM Prelude 205
Doctor Seventh (and Third's skeleton)
Companions Ace, Bernice, alternate versions of Jo Grant (a pregnant savage), Liz Shaw, Lethbridge-Stewart, Benton, Harry
Dates c. 38,000,000 BC (*Prelude*), 1993 (*novel*). *Doctor Who and the Silurians* is dated as 1973
Location Earth (Bristol, London, Kilimanjaro, Wenley Moor)

The plot in 25 words Earth is a reptile house and the Brigadier is a madman. The Doctor discovers that he is dead, just in time to destroy the world.

Old friends Dr Meredith and Morka/Young Silurian (from *Doctor Who and the Silurians*. Morka also appears as a younger version in the *Prelude*); Icthar (*Warriors of the Deep*); Manisha (Ace's murdered friend mentioned in *Ghost Light*); the Third Doctor's sonic screwdriver (which Ace retrieves); Mortimus (the Meddling Monk from *The Time Meddler*) and his captive Chronovore (*The Time Monster*) appear briefly, but they remain unidentified until the novel *No Future*.

New friends Several Silurians and Sea Devils ('aquatic Silurians'), notably Imorkal (son of Morka), Chtorba (Silurian mentor and potential humanitarian), Chtaachtl (the Brigadier's counterpart). The human resistance: Jan (medic), Julia (an unlucky woman who gets rabies, trapped in a car and burned alive), Alan (who finally gets Ace to snog someone with her eyes closed), General Frank Hobson (Jo's uncle).

Other voyages The Doctor met Turner, the painter, when he'd fallen down some stairs and sprained his right hand.

He was also in Alexandria 2000 years ago, a story told by Mortimore in *The Book Of Shadows* (*Decalog*).

Along for the ride When Ace was at school, she was taken to the City Farm and the Post Office Tower. She was 14 when she watched Manisha die. The alternate Ace died when she was 17.

Bernice is 32. Her father used to be able to spin a football on his fingertip. She has studied some insect-based cultures.

In the alternate universe: the Brigadier was born in 1930, he was once in Margate with Doris when she almost drowned, and they were married for ten years before she died; Liz married a man called James Lester, but they were only together for two years before he died on a food-finding expedition.

Rough guide This universe was created by the events of *Doctor Who and the Silurians* being changed so that Morka killed the Doctor, the Silurian plague spread and humankind was subsequently hunted almost to extinction.

The Silurians can locate sound as easily behind or to the side of them as they can in front. Their bones are less dense than humans', and they live for fewer years. They don't use tools and communicate by a mixture of telepathy, speech and body language. This may account for why their presence evokes powerful race-memories in humans causing them to revert to animal behaviour. Their telepathy seems to be linked to their third eye, and it also allows a 'purer' form of artistic expression than human literature. Since being awakened, they have focused the 'Greenhouse Effect' to create climates more suitable for reptilian life. The weather upheavals this creates are controlled by the Gravitron installation on the moon (*The Moonbase*). Sea-levels are rising and most of Somerset is now flooded. In Africa, they have set up their capital city Ophidian on the shores of what was the Indian Ocean (now called Tethys); the Sahara is being turned back into rainforest, and Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika are being enlarged to become inland fisheries. Glasgow is a fortress and the Arctic is home to a huge geothermal power base. During the ongoing process of reviving their species, they are using airships to launch attacks against human outposts.

Most of these military outposts have been destroyed – Moscow fell most recently. Only the UNIT installation in Cheddar Gorge remains, although non-military bases such as the City Farm centre in London do live on.

Oozlum Birds fly in rapidly decreasing circles.

Other notes This is the first book of Virgin's 'Alternative Universe' cycle of stories which continue over five novels to *No Future*.

The story follows the continuity established by the Malcolm Hulke novelisation *Doctor Who and the Cave Monsters* rather than the TV serial's continuity (the Young Silurian is named 'Morka' and the Old Silurian 'Okdel' and the location of Dr Lawrence's death is changed).

Time Lords have two more ribs than humans.

On Gallifrey it is said that each star represents a promise.

Inside the TARDIS We visit Bernice's laboratory, the console room and the secondary control room on the TARDIS before the ship is invaded by the Vortex and then pushed into a tar pit by a Saurian. The 'new' TARDIS – which once belonged to the alternate universe's now-deceased Third Doctor – 'unfolds' with cloisters, library, sickbay, swimming pool and store room. It still exists in a state of temporal grace.

When the owner dies, a TARDIS 'isomorphically mass degenerates' (shrinks) and the key becomes neutral, enabling any authorised person to use it.

The HADS is used.

The TARDIS suffers because of its symbiotic link with the Doctor. It suffers even more when it materialises around the Earth, and finally the new TARDIS is forced into a time ram with the old one.

Quotable quotes Ace: "Doctor! Our ride home just got itself turned into a million-year-old fossil!"

Brigadier: "Why, Doctor. How exactly like you to come back from the dead."

Jan: "Adolf Hitler was such a man, Brigadier. I believe you are another."

DWM

'An ingenious morality story . . . fascinating for its handling of familiar characters in an unfamiliar light' *Shelf Life, DWM 205*

PART THREE STAGE FRIGHTS

Is there a *Doctor* in the house?

Continuing their survey of the farthest reaches of Doctor Who apocrypha, Chris Howarth and Steve Lyons book hot tickets for the upper circle . . .

If ever there was a candidate amongst *Doctor Who* fans for 'least canonical medium', then the stage play is probably it. *Doctor Who and the Daleks in Seven Keys to Doomsday* rarely appears in episode guides, and most fans would rather embrace the 1977 World Distributors annual than admit that the events of, say, *Recall UNIT* could have occurred in the Doctor's universe.

This is perhaps understandable. By its nature, a play can – and often does – appear in several different forms, sometimes with changes of actors or even characters. Each performance can contradict all the others. It's hard to imagine that the Third and Sixth Doctors could have had the same *Ultimate Adventure* many times each, without the latter at least suspecting that something was up. But then, perhaps we can also blame our attitude on another feature of the theatre: the fact that it is a transitory medium. Without a TARDIS of our own, we cannot go back and watch an old play again. It is easily forgotten and, thus, dismissed.

1965: Daleks tout their West End *Curse*

And yet, when it tries, staged *Doctor Who* can come as close to recreating its televised equivalent as you can get. As a visual medium with its own peculiar restrictions, it typically gives us live actors against budgetarily challenged sets, with makeshift special effects. Chuck in a few Daleks or Cybermen, or both, and you've got all the ingredients of an archetypal television adventure.

When it tries, staged Doctor Who comes as close to recreating its televised equivalent as it's possible to get

The very first *Doctor Who* spin-off play recaptured the feel of the series with a minimum of sets and a script by David Whitaker. *The Curse of the Daleks* tells the tale of a group of humans who crash-land on Skaro. One of them wakes its hibernating occupants, in the hope that they will make him King of the Universe (as you do), and a whodunit ensues, with the Thals also putting in an appearance. Indeed, only one traditional element of *Doctor Who* is missing. This was 1965, after all, and John Gale Productions didn't want that old bloke and his Police Box getting in the way. Nevertheless, the line-up of characters does include a professor and his young female assistant, although the hero of the piece turns out to be one Commander Jonathan Ladiver.

The Curse of the Daleks owes much to the off-screen Dalek universe [see **DWM** 276]. It refers to a war with humanity, as described in *The Dalek Book*, and there are mentions of Unispace agents and compressed water, both of which originated in the spin-offs – more than enough to justify the programme's claim that the production is part of the *Dalek Chronicles*.

Sadly, though, not even Dalekmania at its zenith could guarantee success, and *The Curse of the Daleks* didn't endure beyond its initial run at Wyndham's Theatre, London. Perhaps the lack of sofas in the auditorium led youngsters to feel that they couldn't view it in safety.

Fortunately for those fans who quite liked the series' titular character, William Hartnell could be seen in pantomime in Cheltenham the following year. He played Boskin, a very Doctor-ish cobbler, in *Puss in Boots*. Fresh from his regeneration, he was advertised as "Television's Original Dr Who" and costumed to match. The Odeon Theatre also ran a tie-in competition to win a Dalek.

However, many years passed before the Doctor enjoyed his first official stage adventure, as Trevor Martin appeared in the, erm, title role of *Doctor Who and the Daleks in Seven Keys to Doomsday* at London's Adelphi Theatre in 1974.

Had TV *Doctor Who* ended with *Planet of the Spiders*, then this play might have come to be regarded, by those who care about that sort of thing, as an official continuation to the saga. It began with Trevor Martin playing the Third Doctor with his face turned away from the audience, before a hasty regeneration allowed him to reveal his true appearance (this trick would be re-used on TV some 13 years later). However, the suggestion that Martin might somehow be the real Fourth Doctor was undermined by the fact that Tom Baker made a bit of an impression in the role.

Seven Keys introduced us to the first of many stage-only companions. As in other spin-offs, it seems that the idea of companion figures was considered more important than any of the actual companions were. In fact, as if to prove the point, Wendy Padbury – still fresh in the minds of the public as Zoe – was required to play a different character, Jenny. James Matthews took on the role of Dave, although his name was changed to Jimmy before the first performance. Presumably, that made it easier for the other actors to remember what to call him.

The script, by Terrance Dicks, couldn't be more typical of *Doctor Who*. During the first act, the Doctor fights the monstrous Clawrentulars and hunts for crystals on the planet Karn; in the second, he infiltrates a Dalek

The Ultimate Adventure: Jason (Graeme Smith), the Doctor (Jon Pertwee) and Crystal (Rebecca Thornhill – and, below, as it could have been. We should be so lucky . . .

Kylie Minogue and Jason Donovan might have played the Doctor's companions in The Ultimate Adventure

base. Even the famous opening scene, in which Jimmy and Jenny run from the audience to the stage to assist the regenerating Doctor, isn't quite the postmodernist blurring of fiction and reality that legend suggests: as the script has it, the TARDIS has simply landed in a theatre (which does beg the question of what Jimmy and Jenny are meant to be watching). Presumably, though, Dicks didn't regard *Seven Keys* as part of any official continuity, as he had the other Fourth Doctor visit a completely dissimilar Karn a year later.

It was hoped that, following its run at the Adelphi, the play would move to Blackpool – but the Doctor has always had trouble getting *there* . . . It was eventually remounted in 1981, by the Buxton Drama League, at the Buxton Opera House. The Doctor was played by Colin Jones, Jenny by Elizabeth Hicken, and Dave by Anthony Fitzgerald.

The wait between *Seven Keys* and the next official spin-off play was to be almost a decade. Fortunately, as Hartnell had already proved, there are other ways of enticing fans into theatres, without even going to the expense of acquiring a licence. During the Eighties, the producers of several pantomimes exploited *Doctor Who*'s renown as a means of getting bums on seats for two hours of traditional Christmas fare and lowbrow humour at the show's expense.

Peter Davison made his panto debut as Buttons in *Cinderella* at the Assembly Hall Theatre, Royal Tunbridge Wells, in 1982. He was joined on stage by his then-wife Sandra Dickinson – later to gain official *Doctor Who* credentials by lending her squeaky voice to radio play *The Ghosts of N-Space* – and Anthony Ainley, whose role as Baron Hardup presented an opportunity for subtlety and underplaying often denied to him on screen. The panto was written and directed by John Nathan-Turner, Lovett Bickford produced it, the designer was Tony Burrough and Gary Downie did the choreography.

Some panto roles seem to attract Doctors. Davison and Colin Baker both appeared as Wishee-Washee in simultaneous productions of *Aladdin* at Christmas 1985. Their time-travelling alter egos were mentioned in both versions, but notably in the latter, which was directed by former companion Peter Purves. Baker appeared in a version of the Sixth Doctor's costume, although, naturally, it had to be toned down for the occasion.

The following year, Nathan-Turner had Baker replace Davison again, this time as Buttons in a *Cinderella* revival. Even more familiar faces turned up this time. Nicola Bryant as Cinders and Mary Tamm's principal boy routine gave the production sex appeal, whilst Jacqueline Pearce's presence had *Blake's 7* fans competing for seats too.

Finally, in 1989, Sylvester McCoy almost-but-not-quite played the Seventh Doctor playing a genie in *Aladdin* at Manchester's Palace Theatre. A second genie was played by David Banks – a Doctor of equal status for the purposes of this article. Oh yes he is.

Even the real, honest-to-goodness, official spin-off plays can diverge wildly from their source material. The theatre might offer the chance to slavishly follow the format of the TV series, but it presents other possibilities too, for those bold enough to explore them. For UNIT actor Richard Franklin, this meant the possibility of following a grand old stage tradition and producing an out-and-out farce, of the sort that would have had fans screaming 'Heresy!' had it appeared in a more permanent medium. Franklin's *Recall UNIT*, staged as part of 1984's Edinburgh Fringe Festival, is hardly a conventional piece – but that's par for the course with the Fringe, as anyone who's experienced its wild and wacky, hit-and-miss nature will testify.

Right from the off, the play blows any claims to canonicity it might have had by having Franklin and John Levene appear as themselves, before adopting the personas of Yates and Benton by putting on their UNIT uniforms. There are more extreme costume changes to come, in a script which sees the then Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher miniaturised and imprisoned in a teabag (the play had the alternative title of *The Great T-Bag Mystery*).

Unfortunately, the otherwise ubiquitous Nicholas Courtney was unable to play a full role in this chapter of *Doctor Who* history. He wasn't totally absent, however: he contributed by way of an audiotape, which was used as part of a telephone conversation. The Brigadier's role was revised for a new UNIT officer, Major Molesworth, played by Richard Kettles. Members of the Edinburgh and Lothian *Doctor Who* Local Group rounded out the cast, and Jon Pertwee was scheduled to make a cameo appearance in the final performance until, at the last minute, he was replaced by John Scott Martin in a floppy hat, playing the Supreme Dalek. Don't ask!

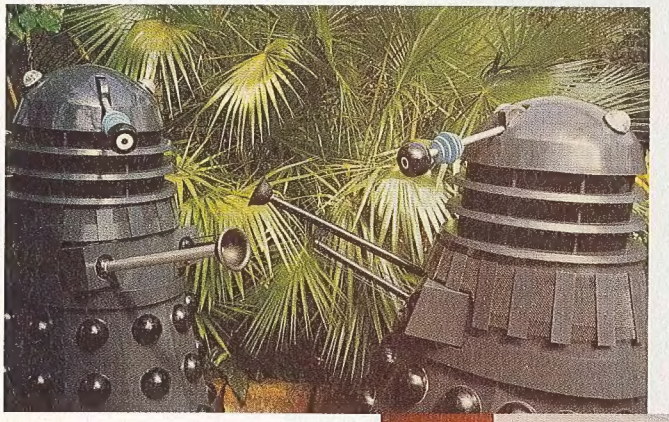
Contrary to popular belief, the Sixth Doctor and Peri did reach Blackpool after Season Twenty-Two. They appeared daily from June to November in *A Tribute to Doctor Who* – alias the headlining Scene Five of Act One of *Hot Ice '86*, a show which celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the Pleasure Beach's Ice Drome. An eight-minute

script has the Doctor left out in the cold when Peri is put on ice by Daleks (as usual), Cybernoids – whatever they might be – and, best of all, an ice-skating dinosaur. Despite receiving a frosty reception, the Doctor manages to keep his cool, and his enemies find themselves skating on thin ice. The two leads were recast (David McGrouther was the Doctor, Julie Shorrock was Peri), but that's probably understandable.

Sadly, another official production that should have been staged in 1986 failed to materialise. *The Inheritors of Time* was conceived by acclaimed comic book writer John Ostrander during the height of America's passion for *Doctor Who*. With a budget of $500,000, it would reportedly have been the most expensive live play ever produced at the time. A special effects designer, Lee Ditowsky, was hired, and the Pickwick Theatre in Park Ridge, Chicago – the heartland of US fandom – was chosen as the venue for a May 1986 opening.

Hot Ice '86 featured the Sixth Doctor, Peri, Daleks, 'Cybernoids' – and, best of all, an ice-skating dinosaur

With input from Kim Yale, Ostrander wrote a script that he hoped would be popular with fans (it touches all the bases, from jelly babies to the sonic screwdriver) but also accessible to a wider audience. He came up with an innovation which allowed his version of the Doctor to be part of the mythos without inhibiting or being inhibited by continuity: his premise was that, in return for having forced his second regeneration, the Time Lords would grant the Doctor an extra 'half-incarnation', long after his apparent death. Roger Mueller became the first American to be cast in the role – although, contrary to speculation, there was never any danger of the '14th' Doctor wearing a baseball cap, chewing gum or any of the other things that stereotypical Americans get up to. Ostrander felt that the Doctor was a uniquely British character, and it was always intended that Mueller should perform with an English accent.



The unlikely cast of *The Trial of Davros*

Accounting for three other members of the ten-strong cast would have been the usual line-up of original companions, each drawn from a different point in America's history. One of these was of African descent, and would therefore have produced the only black actor ever to portray a *Doctor Who* companion. The TARDIS would also have featured, having been found languishing as an exhibit in the Time Lords' Museum of the Bizarre. As for the eponymous inheritors of time (travel) – well, they were to have been the human race. A worrying development, we'd have thought.

The project was cancelled when one of the two principal investors pulled out, very late in the day. However, although it never appeared as intended, a partial read-through was performed at a US convention with Patrick Troughton (perhaps appropriately) taking the lead role.

Quite how people came to associate *Doctor Who* with big budgets, we don't know. However, following in the footsteps of *The Inheritors of Time*, the producers of *The Ultimate Adventure* splashed out on impressive laser and video effects in an attempt to capture the glossy style of the series as it existed in 1989. An imaginative set allowed for a fast-paced story with many changes of scene; however, there were still limitations. A complex, *Chase*-style script by Ben Aaronovitch and Andrew Cartmel was scuppered by logistical problems. Terrance Dicks drew upon the experience – not to mention great chunks of the plot – of *Doctor Who and the Daleks in Seven Keys to Doomsday*, to provide a simpler piece. However, he still had to amend his script even after the play began its run, amalgamating and rewriting sequences or dispensing with them altogether, to reduce the vast number of scene changes that were slowing down the action.

The Ultimate Adventure is well-named, for it comes across as a deliberate attempt to distil every facet of *Doctor Who* into one 90-minute production. It features three companions, two popular monsters (and a Vervoid), a horde of alien extras, two major villains, alien worlds, adventures in Earth's history and plenty of running up and down corridors.

Had John Nathan-Turner produced a Dalek/Cyberman team-up on screen, he would probably have been accused of 'pandering to fans' and strung up. On stage, however, under the auspices of Mark Furness, it seemed not only natural but also an appropriate way in which to celebrate the series' 25th anniversary. This, in itself, is a product of the medium.

Unlike books, comic strips, TV shows and films, plays rarely come in series. A producer's only concern is to find the one storyline that will attract the greatest audience. That's why *Doctor Who* plays are unlikely to eschew the Daleks, and sure to employ the Cybermen if they do. And it's probably one reason why *The Ultimate Adventure* remains the most successful spin-off play from the series to date.

Undoubtedly, though, another reason is that the play broke with tradition by starring not just one but two actual television Doctors – Jon Pertwee and Colin Baker – over the course of its five-month, nationwide tour. It

Dramatis personae

THE CURSE OF THE DALEKS 1965

Opening venue Wyndham's Theatre, London
Writer David Whitaker (although Terry Nation gets a credit too)
Characters off the telly The Black Dalek, more Daleks
Story The Starfinder is taking convicted criminals Ladiver and Sline to Earth, when it is forced to land on Skaro. Despite the lack of evidence and opportunity, Captain Redway is convinced that Ladiver sabotaged the ship. Meanwhile, the Daleks, having been defeated by mankind, stand dormant. The situation goes from bad to really, really bad, as the body of crew-man Bob Slater is discovered. Two Thals appear, and Ladiver is revealed to be a space pilot, posing as a criminal. Power is restored to the Daleks, and suspicion falls upon Professor Vanderlyn and then Captain Redway. But the Daleks kill Redway, and the mastermind is revealed to be the not-nearly-as-dead-as-we-thought Bob Slater. Slater's plans to use the Daleks to help him conquer the galaxy are thwarted, when they simply revert to their own energy source. But Ladiver and the others are able to disconnect the Daleks' power, and return them to their inert state
Continuity In 2179, the leader of the Thal race is Dexion. Earth fought and defeated Skaro in 2129

DOCTOR WHO AND THE DALEKS IN SEVEN KEYS TO DOOMSDAY 1974

Opening venue Adelphi Theatre, London
Writer Terrance Dicks
Characters off the telly Doctor Who and the Daleks, obviously
Story The TARDIS lands on Karn, where the Doctor recently picked up a nice crystal. The Doctor, Jimmy and Jenny

meet some resistance fighters – Jedak, Tara and Garm – who inform them that the crystal is one-seventh of the Crystal of All Power. They seek and find the other six segments, despite interference from the monstrous Clawrentulars, a mad computer and the Grand Master of Karn. Then the Daleks arrive and steal

them. The Doctor, who still has the first crystal, penetrates Dalek HQ by means of the old companion-in-a-casing trick. The casing is destroyed, and everyone thinks Jenny is dead – but she isn't, really. The Doctor is captured, and the Emperor forces him to add his crystal to the other six. But the Doctor has altered the molecular structure of his crystal, so that the whole thing explodes

Continuity The Third Doctor regenerates into a Fourth Doctor. The Time Lords guide his journey to Karn, which bears no relation to the TV planet of the same name. Nor does Tara. A fire extinguisher proves surprisingly effective against the Daleks

THE EMPRESS OF OTHERNOW 1995

Opening venue Commemoration Hall, Huntingdon

Characters off the telly A Doctor, two Cybermen

Story Following a prang with another timeship, the TARDIS lands the Doctor and Gwen in the Roman-ruled Londinium of 1969. When he encounters God-Empress Livia, who has ruled for 2,000 years since being cyberised, the Doctor discovers that his driving is responsible for creating a temporal paradox. Livia knows him from his yet-to-happen trip to Ancient Rome, where he will encounter the timeship's stranded owners – the Cybermen – and end up being thrown to the lions. The Doctor and Gwen take Celtic rebel Cormac back in time with them, hoping his anachronistic presence will be enough to alter their fate. The Cybermen have fooled Emperor Augustus into thinking they are Gods. Gwen and Cormac prevent Livia from being cyberised, and the Doctor sabotages the Cybermen's machinery so that it destroys them

Continuity The Cybermen want to destroy Earth to prevent the future destruction of Mondas. Naturally, Blinovitch gets a name check. Following on from what was established in *Silver Nemesis*, the Cybermen are said to have been defeated (in the corrupted timeline) by one woman and a bit of gold

also gave us another official stage Doctor, with David Banks donning a Greenpeace T-shirt to stand in for Pertwee, for two performances in Birmingham on 29 April 1989.

As usual, the companions were all new – but this was probably an advantage, as it allowed them to be reassigned from the Third Doctor to the Sixth without much difficulty. At one point, it was envisaged that Kylie Minogue and Jason Donovan might appear as Crystal and the Marquis de Saint Evremonde de La Tour (alias Jason) respectively. Instead, the roles went to Rebecca Thornhill and Graeme Smith, with David Bingham stepping in as Jason for the tail end of the tour. Good thing too, as the script – in a deliberate nod to theatrical conventions – required them both to sing. Stephanie Colbourn played hairy alien Zog, later to change its allegiances for a brief scene in *Dimensions in Time*.

The Nineties seem to have brought about a return to basics for *Doctor Who* plays. There have been no more big budget productions, nor anything too 'unusual'; rather, fans and amateur dramatics groups have chosen to emulate the television series in cheap and cheerful fashion. Many of their efforts have had no official status, but there have been exceptions.

The Trial of Davros was produced by Hyde Fundraisers and performed at their Remembrance convention in Hyde, Manchester, in November 1993. Based on an idea by Nigel Peever, the production began life as a video script by Kevin Taylor, which told the story of what happened to Davros after the events of Revelation of the Daleks.

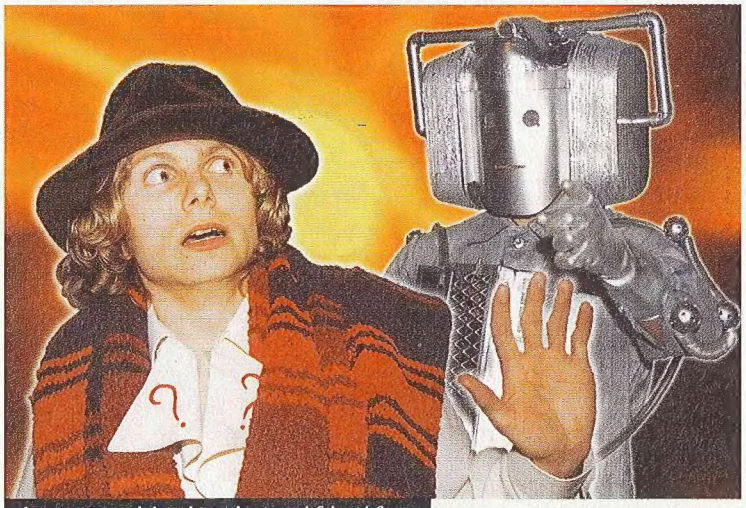
Terry Molloy was asked to reprise his role as the metal meanies' evil creator, but he was unavailable. The original Davros, Michael Wisher, took his place, and also adapted Taylor's script for the stage. Unwilling to don what he called 'the Ena Sharples mask', he rejigged the play so that it featured Davros's first 'incarnation', taken out of time to be tried by the Time Lords before his 'extermination' in *Genesis of the Daleks*.

The Time Lord Inquisitor was played by Jean Rogers, previously known as Dolly in *Emmerdale Farm*. Evidence was pre-filmed and shown on a video screen, *a la The Trial of a Time Lord*. Wisher also added a sequence in which Davros' former henchman, Nyder, was called as a character witness; the role was reprised by Peter Miles. Permission was gained from the estate of Robert Holmes to incorporate his opening narration from *The Deadly Assassin*. This was read by Michael Jayston, who also introduced each of the characters. And, naturally, the Daleks made an appearance, blasting their way into the courtroom at the conclusion of the drama.

With rented or borrowed costumes, painted backdrops and a budget of considerably less than $500,000, *The Empress of Othernow* hit the stage of the Commemoration Hall, Huntingdon, in November 1994. Members of Huntingdon Drama Club had decided that, in order to celebrate their 50th anniversary, they wanted to play Doctor – and the BBC obligingly gave them permission to perform a script by Peter Vialls. Like many *Doctor Who* spin-offs before and after it, this adventure attempted to atone for a shameful omission from 26 seasons' worth of TV episodes, by featuring an Earth in which the Roman Empire never fell. In this instance, however, it's more of a paradox than an actual parallel universe scenario, with the Cybermen causing havoc in the time stream.

Heading the cast was Bob Pugh as the Doctor, while Rachel Greaves expanded the list of exclusive-to-theatre companions even further with her portrayal of Gwen Bradley, a history graduate from the second half of the 21st century. Despite the limitations of the budget, clever use of the available resources and a pacy, entertaining script performed by an enthusiastic cast ensured that the club topped off its half-century with its most successful production to date (so, naturally, a sequence is in the planning stages). For those who missed the four Huntingdon performances, the following year brought a chance to see a stripped-down, mildly revised version at the Ayl-Con 2 convention in Birmingham.

With a set decked out in black and white, The Tomb of the Cybermen transferred effortlessly to the Oxford stage



The Doctor (Richard Laming) and friend from the stage version of *Tomb of the Cybermen*

The most recent *Doctor Who* spin-off play brings us full circle, being, as it was, the most straightforward attempt yet to simply recapture the TV series in a theatre. In June 1998, students from Oxford Brookes University performed a licensed adaptation of *The Tomb of the Cybermen*. With the main tomb area recreated on stage and use made of the auditorium for underground scenes, this effects-light Troughton tale transferred almost effortlessly from the small screen. Even the set was nostalgically decked out in black and white. Indeed, the few alterations to the source material seem to have been made despite, not because of, the change of medium. Quite why Jamie and Victoria were replaced by Ben and Polly, why the Time Lords instructed the TARDIS crew to prevent the creation of the Cybermen and why the Doctor regenerated early in the proceedings, we'll probably never know.

And so, the final curtain falls on our feature – and what more appropriate way to bow out than with a song? Or, at least, with this verse from Act One, Scene Two of *The Curse of the Daleks*:

"Remember, remember, the Dalek December,
With Paris in ruins and London an ember;
In times of the future when fears are abating,
Don't try to forget them – The Daleks are waiting;
Quietly planning and scheming – and hating . . .
Remember!" DWM

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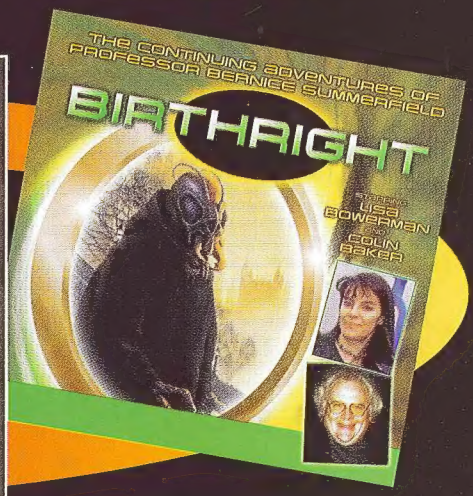

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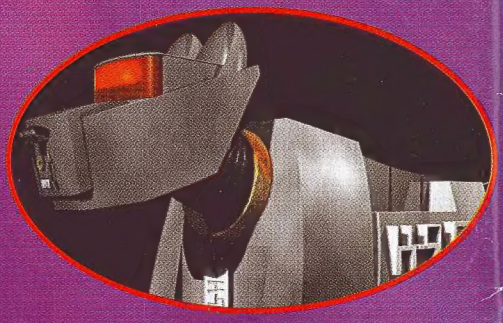

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